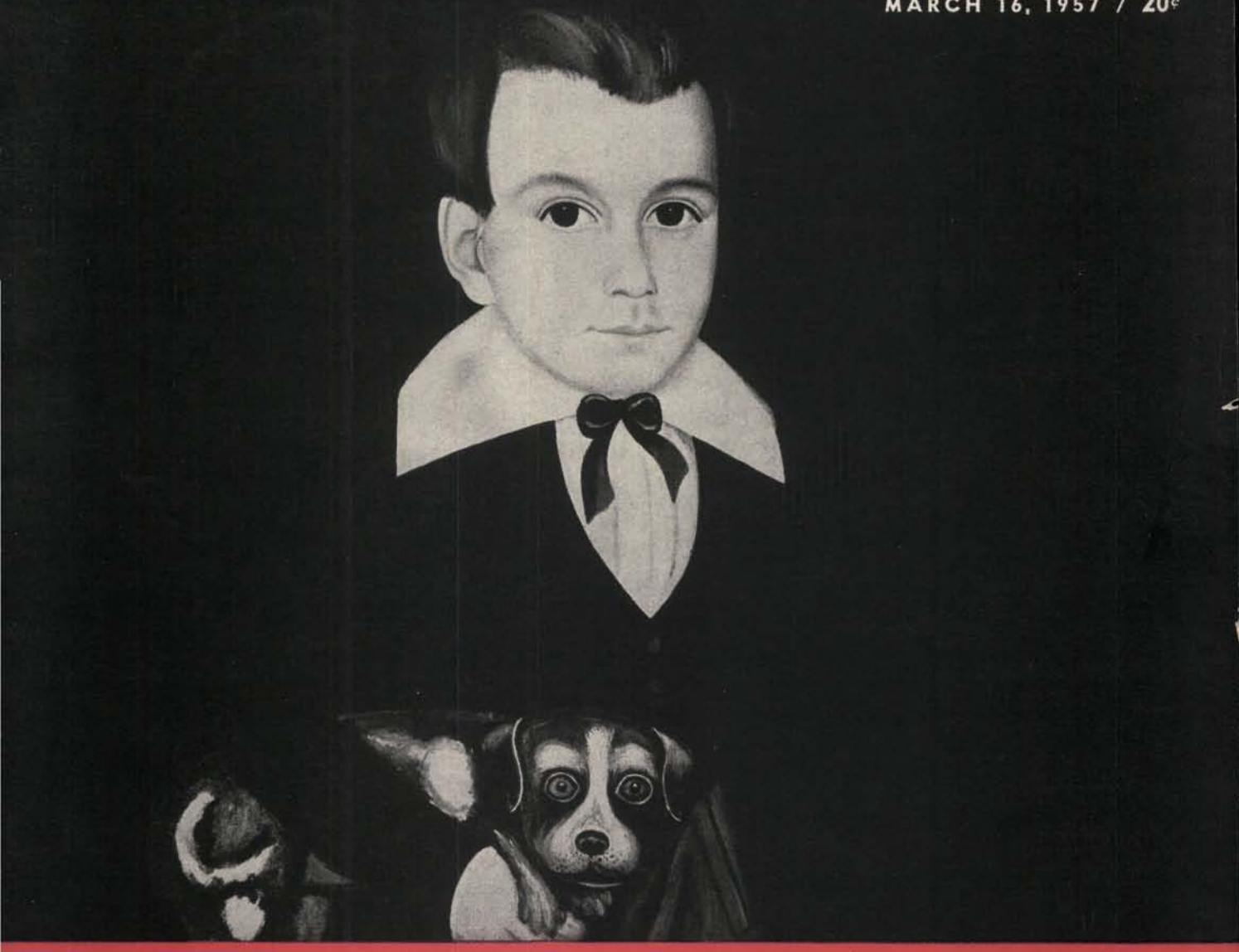
# Saturday Review

MARCH 16, 1957 / 20¢



"Boy Holding Dog" (*c.* 1840). See review by Jean Lipman of "The Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art Collection."

## *SR's* SPRING TRAVEL GUIDE

MAN IS NOT A THING . . . By Erich Fromm

JAZZ IN GREAT BRITAIN . . . By Albert J. McCarthy

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# A Royal Party goes to the theatre

HER MAJESTY has taken her seat in the Royal Box. A hush falls as the houselights dim. Spotlights pick up a flash of jewels. A brilliant performance is about to begin.

Where else could you be but *London?* As Brooks Atkinson says, "Nowhere else in the world is theatergoing quite such an unalloyed pleasure." (And the "season" lasts all year!)

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And don't forget the festivals *outside* London. The Shakespeare Season of Plays at Stratford-upon-Avon, from April through November. The Glyndebourne Opera, June to August. And the Edinburgh Festival of Music and Drama, starting in late August.

No matter when you go, you can be certain of a gay time. And the whole trip need cost you very little more than staying at home and dreaming about it.

## SOME OF THE SHOWS RUNNING IN LONDON*

### OPERA AND BALLET

COVENT GARDEN. **THE ROYAL BALLET.** Evgs., 7.30. Mat., Sats., at 2.0. To-night, **THE LADY AND THE FOOL, LES PATINEURS, THE FIREBIRD.**

COVENT GARDEN OPERA. Fri., at 6.0. **THE MASTERSINGERS OF NUREMBERG,** with Sutherland, M. Thomas, Dalberg, G. Evans, Pears, Pease, Robinson, Witte. Cond.: Kubelik.

PRINCES. **D'OYLY CARTE CO.** Evgs., 7.30. **THE MIKADO.** Next Mon., **H.M.S. PINAFORE.**

SADLER'S WELLS. Evgs., 7.0. **THE BARTERED BRIDE.** Fri. & Wed. **RIGOLETTO.**

### THEATRES

ADELPHI. 8. S., 5.15 & 8.30. Diana Churchill, Laurence Harvey, **THE COUNTRY WIFE.**

AMBASSADORS. 7.30. Tu., 2.30. S., 5.15, 8. 5th yr. **THE MOUSETRAP,** by Agatha Christie.

APOLLO. Evgs., 8.15. Wed. & Sat., 5.15 & 8.15. New Revue, **FOR AMUSEMENT ONLY.**

COLISEUM. Mon./Fri., Evgs., 7.30. Sat., 5.30 & 8.30. Mat., Wed., 2.30. **THE PAJAMA GAME.**

COMEDY. 8.30. Quayle, Ure, Jenkins, Gwynn. **A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE,** by Arthur Miller.

CRITERION. Evgs., 8. S., 5.30 sharp, 8.30. Th., 2.30. Hugh Griffith, **WALTZ OF THE TOREADORS.**

DRURY LANE. Evenings, 7.30. Robert Morley, Ian Wallace, in a New Musical Play, **FANNY.**

DUCHESS. Evgs., 7.30. Cicely Courtneidge, Robertson Hare, **THE BRIDE & THE BACHELOR.**

DUKE OF YORK'S. 7.30. Flora Robson, Andrew Cruickshank, **THE HOUSE BY THE LAKE.**

FORTUNE. M-F., 8. Sat., 5.30, 8.30. An After-dinner Farrago, **AT THE DROP OF A HAT.**

GARRICK. To-night, 8 (W. & S., 5.45 & 8.40). The Robert Dhery Show, **LA PLUME DE MA TANTE.**

GLOBE. 8.0. Sat., 5.30 & 8.30. Wed., 2.30. John Gielgud, Kathleeen Harrison, Joyce Carey, David Horne, in **NUDE WITH VIOLIN,** by Noel Coward.

HAYMARKET. Evgs., 7.30. Edith Evans, Felix Aylmer, in **THE CHALK GARDEN.**

HER MAJESTY'S. Mon.-Fri., Evgs., 7.30. Sat., 5.30 & 8.30. **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS.**

LYRIC. Mon.-Fri., 7.45. Sat., 5.30 and 8.30. Mat., Tues, 2.30. **GRAB ME A GONDOLA.**

NEW. Evgs., 8. Sat., 6 sharp & 8.30. **UNDER MILK WOOD.** Comedy by Dylan Thomas.

OLD VIC. 7.15. **MERCHANT OF VENICE.** Fr., Sat., **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.**

PHOENIX. 7.30. Sat., 5.0, 8.0. George Voskovec, Perlita Neilson, **THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK.**

PICCADILLY. Evgs., 7.30 Sat., 5 and 8.30. Peter Ustinov's **ROMANOFF AND JULIET.**

PRINCE OF WALES. Evgs., 6.15 & 8.50. Mats., Sats., 2.40. **YANA, "KINGS OF SKIFFLE."**

ROYAL COURT. Evgs., 7.30. W. S. 2.30. **THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING.**

ST. MARTIN'S. Evenings, 8.0. Hugh Williams, Andrée Melly, in **PLAINTIFF IN A PRETTY HAT.**

SAVILLE. Feb. 19, Gladys Cooper in a New Musical, **THE CRYSTAL HEART.** Comedy.

SAVOY. Evgs., 7.30. R. Attenborough, S. Sim, Z. Dare, R. Huntley, **DOUBLE IMAGE.**

STRAND. Evgs., 7.30. Sat., 5.15 & 8.30. Peggy Mount, in **SAILOR BEWARE.** 2nd yr.

VAUDEVILLE. Evgs., 8. Sat., 5.0 & 8.0. Thurs., 2.30. A Musical. **SALAD DAYS.** 3rd Yr.

VICTORIA PALACE. Nervo & Knox, Bud Flanagan, Naughton & Gold. **THESE FOOLISH KINGS.**

WESTMINSTER. Mon. to Fri., 7.45. Sat., 5.0 & 8.15. **MRS. GIBBONS' BOYS.**

WHITEHALL. 7.30. Sat., 5.15, 8.15. Brian Rix, Basil Lord, Leo Franklyn. **DRY ROT.** 3rd yr.

WYNDHAM'S. Evenings, 8.30. Saturdays, 5.30 & 8.30. Wednesdays, 2.30. **THE BOY FRIEND.**

**At time of going to press (February).*

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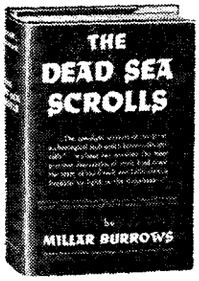


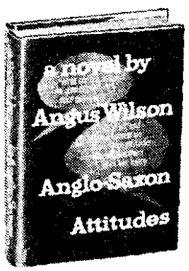


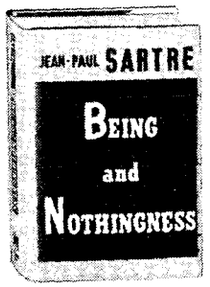


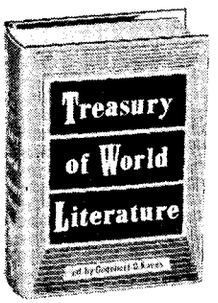

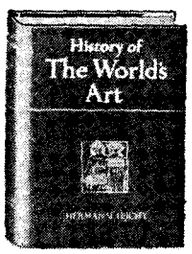

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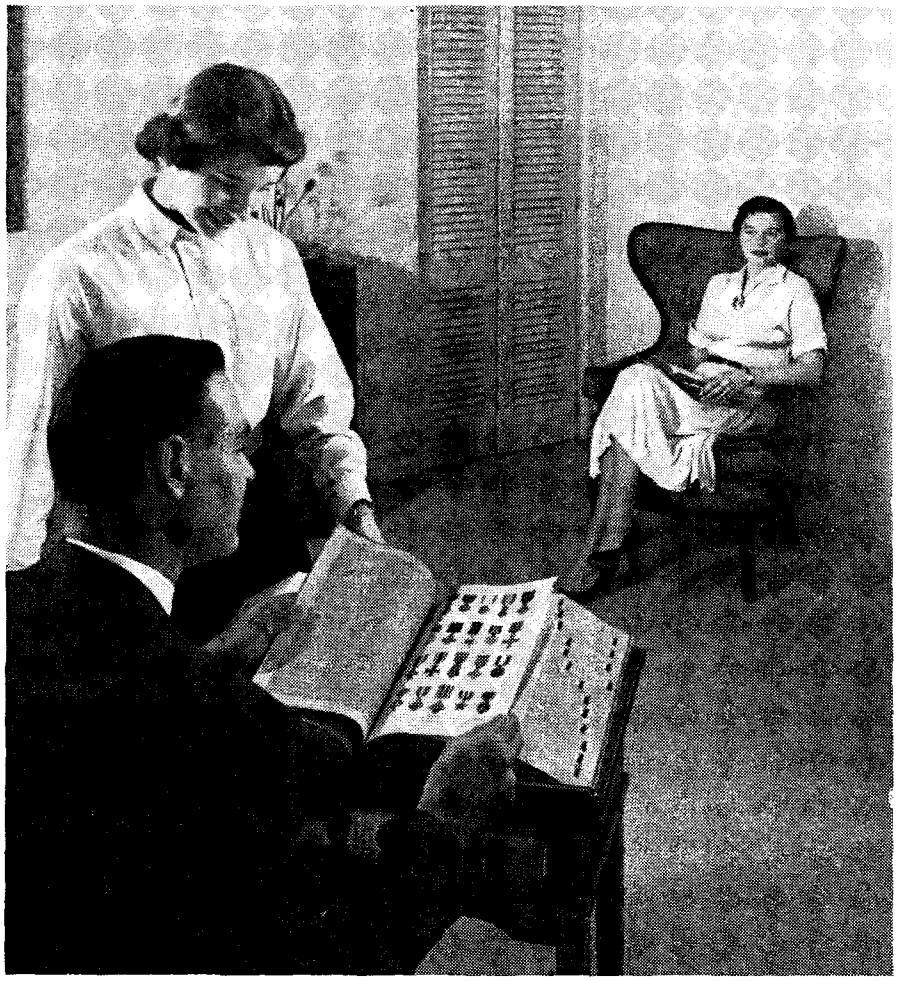

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MARCH 16, 1957


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# TRADE Winds

**HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED** what plays of modern vintage enjoyed the longest runs on Broadway? "Life with Father," according to *Variety*, tops the list with a whopping record of 3,224 consecutive performances. Close behind comes "Tobacco Road" with 3,182. "Abie's Irish Rose" is a bad third with 2,327. (Incidentally, both "Tobacco Road" and "Abie" were murdered by the critics, and did practically no business for their first weeks. They were saved by producers who simply would not concede defeat.) Rodgers and Hammerstein nail down fourth and fifth spots with "Oklahoma" (2,248) and "South Pacific" (1,925).

Then come the following: "Harvey": 1,775; "Born Yesterday": 1,642; "The Voice of the Turtle": 1,557; "Arsenic and Old Lace": 1,444; "Hellzapoppin": 1,404; "Angel Street": 1,295; "Lightnin' ": 1,291; "The King and I": 1,246; "Guys and Dolls": 1,200; "Mister Roberts": 1,157; "Annie Get Your Gun": 1,147; "The Seven Year Itch": 1,141; "Pins and Needles": 1,108; "Kiss Me Kate": 1,070; and "The Pajama Game": 1,052. Where the current "My Fair Lady" will end, know only Levin and CBS!

Speaking of Rodgers and Hammerstein, their score for the upcoming TV spectacular, "Cinderella" (due March 31) is just plain wonderful. Don't miss this show!

**THIS SEASON** serious new plays are having a tough time on Broadway, where slap-happy "vehicles" and sure-fire farce are the order of the day. Two shows, however, have managed to buck the trend: "The Hidden River" and "The Potting Shed." I enjoyed both tremendously, and think *SR* readers may find them infinitely more rewarding than many of the more publicized "smash-hits" . . . There are three far-above-average movies in the offing, too: Gene Kelly's "The Happy Road" (a mixture of René Clair and old Keystone-comedy routines that had me holding my sides with laughter), "Designing Woman," with Lauren Bacall and Gregory Peck, and "Funnyface," with nostalgic Gershwin melodies, breathtaking decor, and the incomparable Fred Astaire doing capers with Audrey Hepburn he hasn't dared attempt since Ginger Rogers went off on her own. . . . And here is just one more recommendation: Don't miss Bergen Evans's "The Last Word" on CBS-TV. Hear it once and chances are you'll be making a Sunday-afternoon habit of it!

**ROOTS** . . . Herr Brockhaus, publisher of Schopenhauer's works in Germany, once sent the philosopher a gold watch for Christmas. Schopenhauer said "Thank you—but the watch doesn't go." Brockhaus replied, "I guess it takes after your last book. That's not going either". . . . "At the age of forty-three I was stage struck," recalls Ogden Nash, "and that caused an odd bit of whimsy, 'The Sweet Bye and Bye,' which said bye-bye to Broadway in exactly ten days. At one of the performances, the leading lady, looking through the stage curtain peep hole, murmured, 'The audience appears to be in a nasty mood tonight.' 'Don't worry,' the leading man reassured her. 'We'll probably outnumber them!' . . . William Dean Howells always found time to see aspiring young novelists, and discuss their problems with them. One's head was turned by the immediate click of a carelessly executed but sensational novel. "I'm sure my book has already earned five times as much as anything you ever wrote in your life," he boasted to Howells, "but I have a feeling the literary quality of my work is falling off." "I wouldn't say that," corrected Howells. "You write as well as you ever did. Your taste is improving, that's all." . . . In "Famous First Facts" (H. W. Wilson Co.) Joseph Kane asserts that the "first book review editor" in America was Sarah Margaret Fuller Ossoli, hired in December 1844, by Horace Greeley for his *New York Tribune*. In addition to her salary, the contract provided her a home with his family and allowed her the privilege of writing when she

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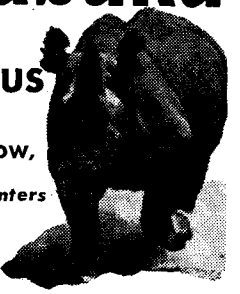

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*The Elizabethans*

By ALLARDYCE NICOLL

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desired. It was a tough racket, but she stuck it out until August 1846.

**IN THE MOOD FOR A** little pun-ishment? Writes George L. Kelly, of Athens, Georgia: "There's a good reason why a groom shouldn't see his bride on the day of the marriage prior to the ceremony. Too many looks spoil the troth." Catherine Haughey, of Detroit, describes department store clerks who try to sell her expensive items she doesn't want as "counter irritants." . . . Charles Noble, of Syracuse University, tells of a lad who inherited the stand where his mother sold apples, decided to continue in the trade of the old apple she. . . . Mrs. Eric Steine, of Maplewood, rapped her knuckles bare on the door of a friend before she could gain admittance, promptly awarded said friend the No-Bell Prize for 1957.... And Charles Holt, of 745 Fifth Avenue, knows exactly why the Chinese Reds have soured on opium. They're Chou En-lai.

**TWO POEMS:** The first comes from Joe Shapiro, of Brooklyn, and is called

**Evening Picture**

The wind that howls, the snow that swirls outside
Are pleasant background for this night within.
The room is warm with comfort; on the couch
My wife, engrossed in fiction's ready page,
Sits legs akimbo. Now telephatized,
Her eyes meet mine in sudden moment sweet,
And words unsaid, say all in lingering glance.
Familiar objects, each with meaning dear,
Stand silent in the room: the blanket, rich
With multi-colored pattern, striking sharp
Through memory's lens a shop in Mexico;
A small serape, set on armchair stiff,
Imparts its warmth; a red-gold lacquered tray;
The book case, modest spectrum in repose,

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1198)

JACK HINES:

*WOLF DOGS OF THE NORTH*

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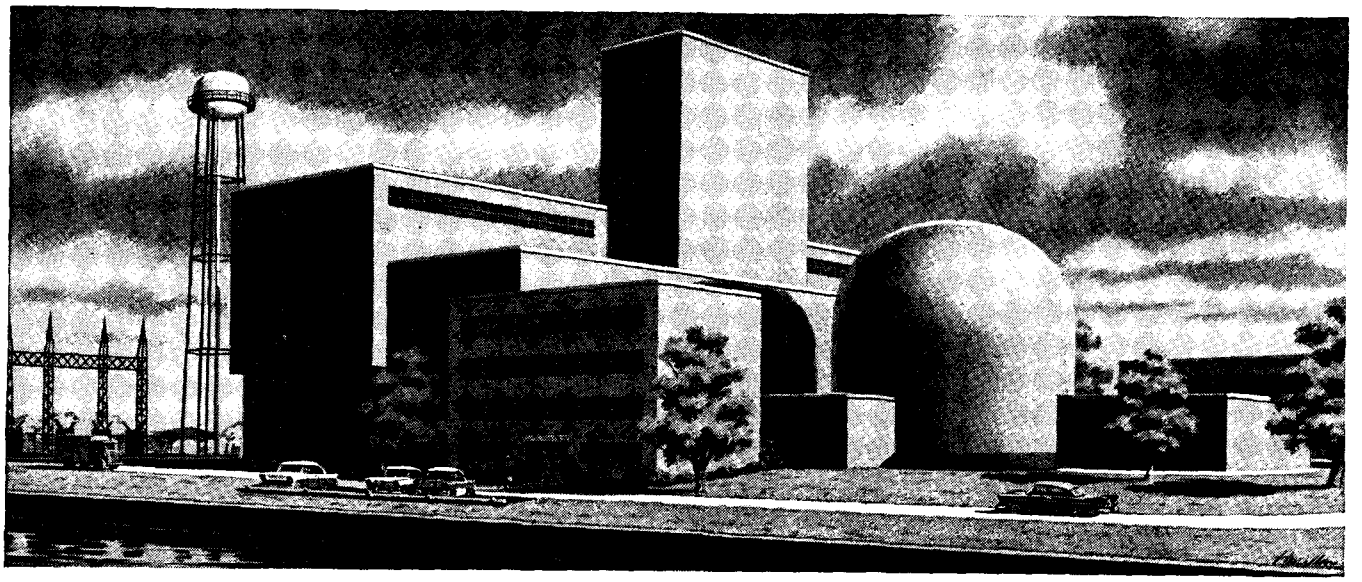
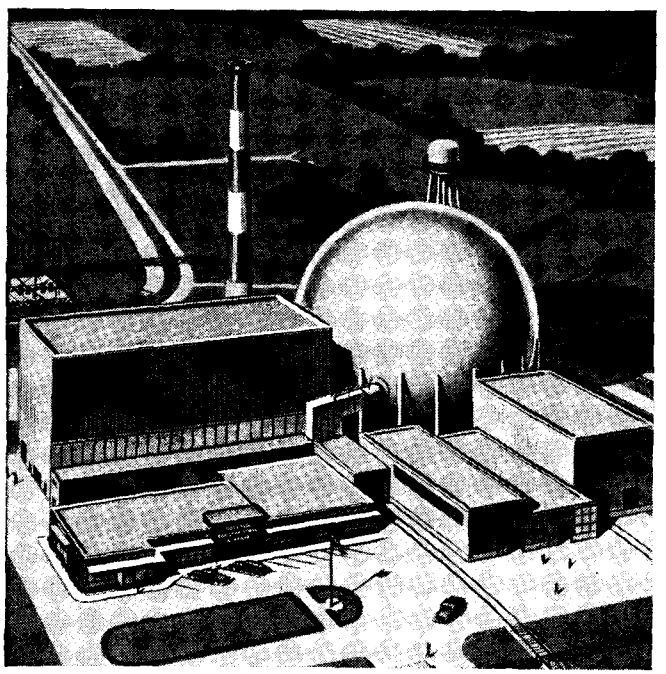
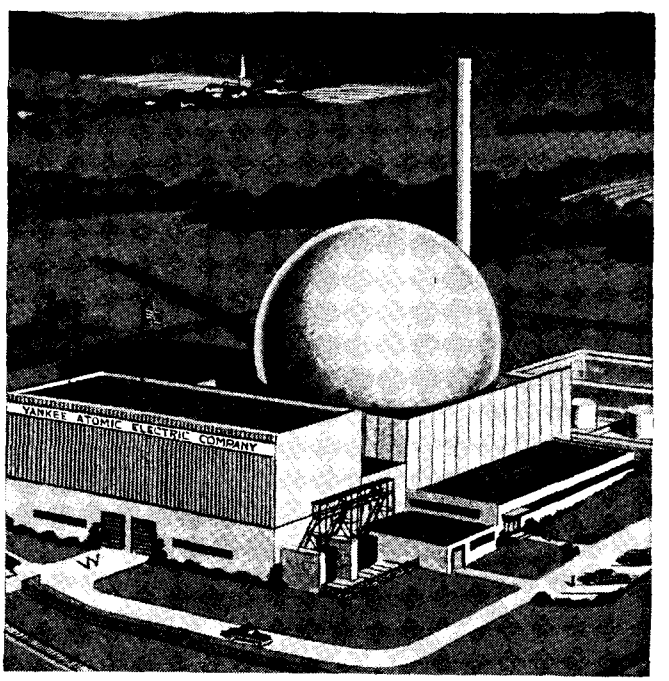


**Enrico Fermi atomic power plant** *is under way near Detroit through the joint efforts of 18 electric companies. A group of equipment manufacturers and the Atomic Energy Commission are also associated in the project.*



**Dresden, Illinois, plant** *is being developed by 7 electric light and power companies, their equipment manufacturers, and with the co-operation of the AEC.*




**Yankee atomic-electric plant** *is being developed by 12 New England electric companies. A number of equipment manufacturers and the AEC are participating.*

# What will atomic-electric power plants look like?

Among the atomic-electric power plants now under way, three will look like the drawings above when completed.

Although they appear somewhat alike, each involves different methods, different materials, a different type of atomic reactor or "furnace." That's because the electric companies, the equipment manufacturers and the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission—who are all participating in atomic development—are searching for the best ways to produce electricity, using atomic energy as fuel.

The development of atomic-powered electric plants is the latest stage in bringing plentiful electricity to America. You can be sure that electric company skills and experience, acquired in 75 years of service, are being applied to this great new job.

**Non-technical booklet,** "*Electric Power from the Atom,*" gives 32-page survey of atomic-electric development. Write for a *free* copy to Atom, Box 400, New York 19, N. Y.

## America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

**Company names on request through this magazine*

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With gilt and russet, Gunther, Delacroix;
And on the walls are Gaugin semi-nudes,
With sensual breasts belied by dove-like eyes;
While Breugel's peasants, joyful and robust,
Dance side by side with Degas's "femmes ballet."
The only sound within is scratching pen,
Illumined soft by lamplight's orange glow.
But now the moan of sharply rising wind,
The sighing of the trees, the rattling door,
The tap against the pane, the driving snow—
The chorus of the night brings to me now
The warmth, the calmth, the sweet serenity
Of this our room—our insulated world.

From Sidney King Russell, of Palm Beach:

**Murder à la Mode**

The plot is deviously spun—
The crime occurs in Chapter One
When members of the upper crust
Succumb to luxury and lust,
Aristocrats whose hidden flaw
Is scornful disregard for law.
The situation, we may guess
Calls for the utmost in finesse;
The murderer, though somewhat lax
And slow to cover up his tracks
Goes undiscovered till the clue
Of poison in Miss Mary's brew.
The characters, vague pawns of fate,
Suspect each other, speculate
And waiting for the axe to fall
Resent intrusion one and all.

At last the author cracks the case,
The pieces gently fall in place,
The guilty one declines a plea,
Prepares to face the penalty
As justice looms, sedate, austere,
All riddles solved, all meanings clear.

The jury bows, the judge is courtly—
Expect the reader's verdict shortly.

**ROBERT HAAS,** noted publisher and dog fancier, acquired a collie last summer with such a high I.Q. Haas decided to send him to college (Collie-rado, of course). The dog came home for the holidays, and Haas asked him, "Well, learned any history yet?" The dog shook his head "no." "Any literature?" Another "no." "Any foreign languages?" The collie barked a hearty affirmative.

Haas registered pleasure, and asked, "What was the first foreign word you learned?" The collie answered "Meow." —BENNETT CERF.

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*The Saturday Review*
MARCH 16, 1957

# THE LIMITATIONS OF PSYCHOANALYSIS—1.

*This week and next* The Saturday Review *will present the views on the modern discipline of psychoanalysis of two scientists who are inside the mental specialties. Dr. Erich Fromm has been a teaching and practising psychoanalyst for thirty years, as well as the world-famous author of "Escape from Freedom," "The Sane Society," etc. In this article he emphasizes the bonds of affection and concern which must link an analyst to his patient before any analytical therapy can work. Next week Professor J. A. Gengerelli of the University of California, a psychologist, will discuss certain practical misapplications of psychoanalytic theory.*

# MAN IS NOT A THING

By ERICH FROMM

THE growing popularity of psychology is interpreted by many as a sign of our approach to the Delphic ideal: "Know Thyself." The idea of self-knowledge has its roots in the Greek and Judaeo-Christian tradition. It was part of the Enlightenment attitude. Men like James and Freud, deeply rooted in this tradition, helped to transmit it to us. But we must not ignore other aspects of contemporary psychology which are dangerous and destructive to human spiritual development.

Psychological knowledge has assumed a particular function in capitalistic society, a function and a meaning quite different from those which were implied in "Know Thyself." Capitalistic society is centered around the market, the commodity market and the labor market, where goods and services are exchanged freely, regardless of clan and blood relationships and other traditional standards and without force or fraud. Knowledge of the customer is of paramount importance to the seller. With the growing complexity of enterprises and capital, it becomes all the more important to know in advance the wishes of the customer, and not only to know them but to influence and manipulate them. The capital investments of modern giant enterprises are not made by hunch, but after thorough investigation and manipulation of the customer and the whole market.

Beyond "market psychology" another new field of psychology has arisen, based on the wish to understand and manipulate the employe. This is called "human relations." It is a logical outcome of the changed relationship between capital and labor. Instead of crude warfare there is cooperation between the giant colossi of enterprise and the giant colossi of labor unions, both of which have come to the conclusion that it is in the long run more useful to compromise than to fight. In addition, we have also found that satisfied, "happy" men work more productively and provide for that smooth operation which is a necessity for big enterprises. Thus, what Taylor did for the rationalization of physical work the psychologists do for the mental and emotional aspect of the worker. He is made into a *thing*, treated and manipulated like a thing, and so-called "human relations" are the most inhuman ones, because they are "reified" and alienated relations.

From the manipulation of the customer and the worker, the uses of psychology have spread to the manipulation of everybody, to politics. While the idea of democracy originally centered around the concept of clear-thinking and responsible citizens, the practice of democracy becomes more and more distorted by the same methods of manipulation which were first developed in market research and "human relations."

WHILE all this is well known, I want now to discuss a more subtle and difficult problem which is related to individual psychology and especially to psychoanalysis. The question is: *To which extent is psychology* (the knowledge of others and of myself) *possible?* What limitations exist to such knowledge? And what

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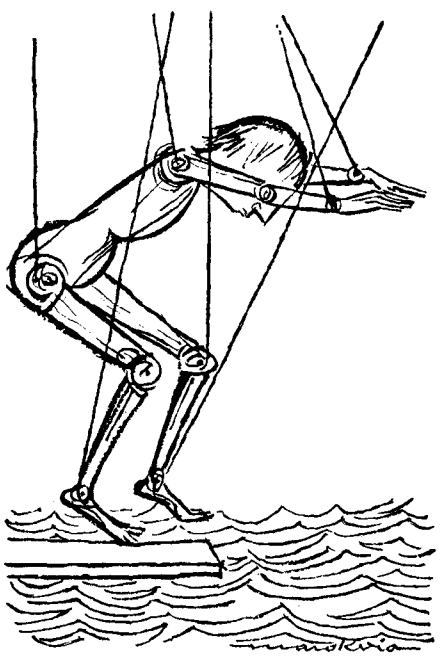
are the dangers if these limitations are not respected?

Undoubtedly the desire to know our fellow men and ourselves corresponds to a deep need in human beings. Man lives within a social context. He needs to be related to his fellow man lest he become insane. Man is endowed with reason and imagination; his fellow man and he himself are problems which he cannot help trying to solve. The endeavor to understand man by thought is called psychology, "the knowledge of the soul."

HOWEVER, complete rational knowledge is possible only of *things*. Things can be dissected without being destroyed; they can be manipulated without damage to their nature; they can be reproduced. *Man is not a thing.* He cannot be dissected without being destroyed. He cannot be manipulated without being harmed. And he cannot be reproduced artificially. Life in its biological aspects is a miracle and a secret, and man in his human aspects is an unfathomable secret. We know our fellow man and ourselves in many ways, yet we do not know him or ourselves fully because we are not things. The further we reach into the depth of our being, or someone else's being, the more the goal of full knowledge eludes us. Yet we cannot help desiring to penetrate into the secret of man's soul, into the nucleus of "he."

What, then, does it mean, that we know ourselves or that we know another person? To know ourselves means to overcome the illusions we have about ourselves. To know our neighbor means to overcome the "parataxic distortions" (transference) we have about him. We all suffer, in varying degrees, from illusions about ourselves. We are enmeshed in fantasies of omniscience and omnipotence which were experienced as quite real when we were children. We rationalize our bad motives in terms of benevolence, duty, or necessity. We rationalize weakness and fear in terms of "good causes," our unrelatedness in terms of others' unresponsiveness. With our fellow man we distort and rationalize just as much, except that usually we do so in the opposite direction. Our lack of love makes him appear as hostile when he is only shy. Our submissiveness transforms him into a dominating ogre when he only asserts himself. Our fear of spontaneity makes him out to be childish, when he is really childlike and spontaneous. To know more about ourselves means to do away with the many veils which hide us and our neighbor from our view. One veil after another is lifted, one distortion after another dispelled.



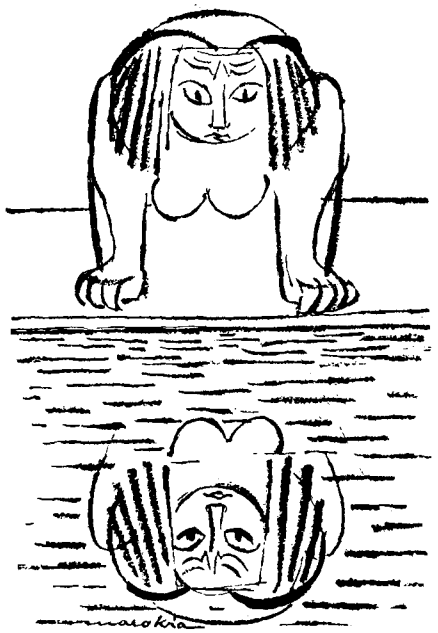
"Man cannot be manipulated without being harmed."

Psychology can show us what man is *not*. It cannot tell us what man, each one of us, *is*. The soul of man, the unique core of each individual, can never be grasped and described adequately. It can be "known" only inasmuch as it is not misconceived. The legitimate aim of psychology, as far as ultimate knowledge is concerned, is the *negative*, the removal of distortions and illusions, *not the positive*, full, and complete knowledge of a human being.

There is, however, another path to knowing man's secret. This path is not that of thought, but of *love*. Love is active penetration of the other person in which my desire to know is stilled by union. In the act of fusion I know you, I know myself, I know everybody—and I "know" nothing. I know in the only way in which knowledge of that which is alive is possible for man—by the experience of *union*, not by any knowledge our thought can give. The only way to full knowledge lies in the act of love; this act transcends thought, it transcends words.

Psychological knowledge may be one condition for full knowledge in the act of love. I have to know the other person and myself objectively in order to be able to see his reality or, rather, in order to overcome the illusions, the irrationally distorted pictures I have of him. If I know a human being as he is, or rather if I know what he is not, then I may know him in his ultimate essence in the act of love.

Love is an achievement not easy to attain. How does the man who cannot love try to penetrate the secret of his neighbor? There is, as I have tried to show in "The Art of Loving," one other way, a desperate one, to know the secret: it is that of complete power over another person, the power which makes him do what I want, feel what I want, think what I want, which transforms him into a thing, *my* thing. The ultimate degree of this attempt to know lies in the extremes of sadism, in the desire to make a human being suffer, to torture him, to force him to betray his "secret" in his suffering or eventually to destroy him. In the craving to penetrate man's secret lies an essential motive for the depth and intensity of cruelty and destructiveness. In a very succinct way this idea has been expressed by the Russian writer Isaac Babel. He quotes a fellow officer in the Russian Civil War who has just stamped a former master to death as saying: "With shooting—I'll put it this way—with shooting you only get rid of a chap. . . . With shooting you'll never get at the soul, to where it is in a fellow and how it shows itself. But I don't spare myself, and I've more than once trampled an enemy for over an hour. You see, I want to get to know what life really is, what life's like down our way."



"No insight can take the place of the act."

WHILE sadism and destructiveness are motivated by the desire to force man's secret, it can never lead to the expected goal. By making my neighbor suffer, the distance between him and myself grows to a point where no knowledge is possible. Sadism and destructiveness are perverted, hopeless, and tragic attempts to learn.

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The problem of knowing man runs parallel to the theological problem of knowing God. Negative theology postulates that I cannot make any positive statement about God. The only knowledge of God is what He is not. As Maimonides put it, the more I know about what God is not the more I know about God. Or as Meister Eckhart put it: "Meanwhile man cannot know what God is even though he be ever so well aware of what God is not." One consequence of such negative theology lies in mysticism. If I can have no full knowledge of God in thought, if theology is at best negative, the positive knowledge of God can be achieved only in the act of union with God.

TRANSLATING this principle to man, we might speak of a "negative psychology," and furthermore say that full knowledge of man by thought is impossible, and that full "knowledge" can occur only in the act of love. Just as mysticism is a logical consequence of negative theology, love is the logical consequence of negative psychology.

Stating the limitations of psychology is to point to the danger resulting from ignoring these limitations. Modern man is lonely, frightened, and little capable of love. He wants to be close to his neighbor, yet he is too unrelated and distant to be able to be close. His marginal bonds to his neighbor are manifold and easily kept up, but a deep "central relatedness" hardly exists. To find closeness he seeks knowledge; and in search of knowledge he finds psychology. Psychology becomes a substitute for love, for intimacy, for union with others and oneself; it becomes the refuge of the lonely, alienated man instead of being a step toward the act of union.

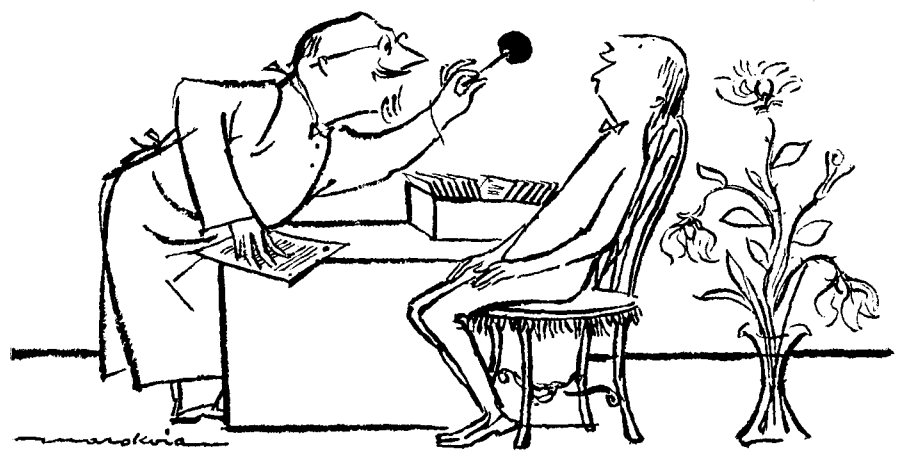
Psychology as a surrogate becomes apparent in the phenomenon of the popularity of psychoanalysis. Psychoanalysis can be most helpful in undoing the parataxic distortions within ourselves and about our fellow man. It can undo one illusion after another, and free the way to the decisive act, which we alone can perform: the "courage to be," the jump, the act of ultimate commitment. Man after his physical birth has to go through a continuous process of birth. Emerging from the mother's womb is the first act of birth; from her breast is the second; from her arm the third. From here on the process of birth can stop; a person can develop into a socially adjusted and useful person and yet remain stillborn in a spiritual sense. If he is to develop into what he potentially is as a human being, he must continue to be born. That is, he must continue to dissolve the primary ties of soil and blood. He must proceed from one act of separation to the next. He must give up certainty and defenses and take the jump into the act of commitment, concern, and love.

What happens so often in psychoanalytic treatment is that there is a silent agreement between therapist and patient which consists in the assumption that psychoanalysis is a method by which one can attain happiness and maturity and yet avoid the jump, the act, the pain of separation. To use the analogy of the jump a little further, the psychoanalytic situation looks sometimes like that of a man wanting to learn how to swim and yet intensely afraid of the moment when he has to jump into the water, to have faith in the water's buoyancy. The man stands at the edge of the pool and listens to his teacher explain to him the movements he has to make; that is good and necessary. But if we see him going on talking, talking, talking we become suspicious that the talking and understanding have become a substitute for the real swim. No amount or depth of psychological insight can take the place of the act, the commitment, the jump. It can lead to it, prepare for it, make it possible—and this is the legitimate function of psychoanalytic work. But it must not try to be a substitute for the responsible act of commitment, an act without which no real change occurs in a human being.

If psychoanalysis is understood in this sense, another condition must be met. The analyst must overcome the alienation from himself and from his fellow man which is prevalent in modern times. As I have said, modern man experiences himself as a *thing*, an embodiment of energies to be invested profitably on the market. He experiences his fellow man as a thing to be used for profitable exchange. Contemporary psychology, psychiatry, and psychoanalysis are involved in this universal process of alienation. The patient is considered as a thing, the sum of many parts. Some of these parts are defective and need to be "fixed," like the parts of an automobile. There is a defect here and a defect there, called symptoms. The psychiatrist considers it his function to fix them. He does not look at the patient as a unique totality.

For psychoanalysis to fulfil its real possibilities, the analyst must overcome his own alienation, be capable of relating himself to the patient from core to core, and in this relatedness to open the path for the patient's spontaneous experience, and thus for the "understanding" of himself. He must not look on the patient as an object, or even be only a "participant observer." He must become one with the patient, and at the same time retain his own separateness and objectivity so that he can formulate his experiences in the act of oneness and of separateness at the same time.

THE final understanding cannot be expressed fully in words. It is not an "interpretation" which describes the patient as an object with its various defects, and their genesis, but it is an overall intuitive grasp; it takes place first in the analyst and then, if the analysis is successful, in the patient. This grasp is sudden. It is an intuitive act which can be prepared by many cerebral insights but can never be replaced by them. If psychoanalysis is to develop in this direction it has still unexhausted possibilities for human transformation and spiritual change. If it remains enmeshed in the socially patterned defect of alienation it may remedy this or that defect, but it will become another tool for making man more automatized and adjusted to an alienated and basically "inhuman" society.



**"The analyst must overcome the alienation from his fellow man."**

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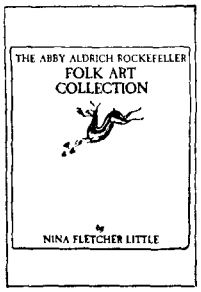


SR's *Book of the Week:*

# "The Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art Collection"

*Author: Nina Fletcher Little*

By JEAN LIPMAN, *editor of* Art in America, *author of four books and numerous articles in the field of American folk art.*

THIS week an important anniversary in the history of folk lore is being celebrated.

In the early 1930s Abby Aldrich Rockefeller, with the help of Edith Gregor Halpert of the Downtown Gallery, pioneered in collecting the painting, drawing, and sculpture of everyday American folk and in presenting it to the public as an important aspect of American art history. At that time it was generally considered in the category of minor antiques, quaint perhaps but crude and uncouth, certainly not "art" (see below). It is now, thanks in quite large part to the impact of this collection, accepted as a vigorous, original, major American art, which richly represents the spirit of the pioneers and the growth of the American democracy.

The fine book-catalogue for the collection just published ("The Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art Collection," by Nina Fletcher Little; Little, Brown, $17.50) sets a number of records. Three hundred and sixty-one items are described in detail, and about half of them illustrated in full color. The price represents, for the purchaser, a token payment toward the total cost of this truly magnificent volume on which Mrs. Little worked, in constant contact with the collection and the museum staff, for well over a year. The design of the book, the fine paper, typography, marbled paper covers, the special color photography and color plates, can be described only in superlatives. Finally, the quality of Mrs. Little's scholarship—a combination of almost flawless accuracy and concise, imaginative critical interpretation—makes this book quite unique among art publications.

Another record for a catalogue: Before the photography for reproductions was begun, every piece in the collection had been cleaned and restored. The fact that all the pieces are now in prime condition, as close as it was possible to restore them to their original state, accounts for the unusual brilliance of the plates. Unless one is aware of this they might be considered too highly keyed in color; actually they are very accurate. And because the frames were consistently removed for photographing, the arbitrary croppings and shadows that mar so many reproductions of painting have been scrupulously avoided.

The decision to reproduce only the superior half of a large collection was very wise. The selection is, of course, of crucial importance. On comparing a marked copy of the first 1935 catalogue (50 pages, 25¢), in which I had, about 1945, graded every piece A, B, or C, I was pleased to note that with only one exception all my "A" pieces had been illustrated. This proves nothing, of course, except that *this* writer heartily endorses Mrs. Little's choice. I'm inclined to believe, though, that other authorities in her field will do likewise, and that opinion as to selection, scholarship, and presentation will be unanimously enthusiastic.

No two critics ever agree on everything—how dull if they did! My only major point of disagreement—subor-

# From Attic To Art Museum

—*Wide World.*

WITHIN a few days several members of the Rockefeller family will gather in the restored town of Williamsburg, Va. to dedicate a new museum—a phenomenon not unusual in a town that owes its present status to $60,000,000 of Rockefeller money. What is more unusual is that this time the country's richest family will open on Friday, March 15 a permanent exhibition of the Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art Collection, which is an assemblage of early American weather vanes and whirligigs, family portraits and pottery of the kind that only a few short years ago was being relegated to the attic by some of the country's less affluent families.

What is also unusual is that the collection has withstood the hazards that beset the world of art. About 1930 the first Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. was persuaded by Manhattan art dealer Edith Gregor Halpert to create a background for her collection of modern American art by tracking down surviving examples of indigenous folk art. As a result she gathered over a period of years the more than four hundred pieces described in the book which is reviewed above. (Her own favorite: a carved wooden eagle which cost her $750, including her agent's time and fees, and which would now bring $20,000. Other noteworthy items: mournful paintings on velvet of early American tombstones surrounded by tearful survivors; dogs and cats made of plaster in imitation of more aristocratic English Staffordshire china animals; and several scores of portraits of sour-faced early Americans, many of whose features had been touched up by their sitters' descendants—but, once in Rockefeller hands, restored to their original states—because these descendants were embarrassed by the somewhat primitive looks of their ancestors.)

By 1932 the completed collection, which is still the finest though not the largest of its kind, was exhibited at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art, where it created quite a stir. Then the troubles began. By an inter-museum agreement some of the collection was sold to the city's Metropolitan Museum. These pieces were stored away in boxes in the cellar and never exhibited. Simultaneously many pieces were moved to Williamsburg where in the humid Southern climate the velvet paintings drooped and the plaster sculptures cracked. (At the same time folk art specialists decried the incongruity of placing crude nineteenth-century Americana in the elegant surroundings of eighteenth-century Williamsburg.)

It took the greater part of two dec-

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dinated to my admiration for the book as a whole—is Mrs. Little's reiterated statement that folk art, in all media, flowered in America between 1825 and 1850, that "after 1850 all types of individual craftsmanship began to suffer from the results of mechanical reproduction."

Now this sounds like a reasonable theory; collectors of folk art have generally accepted it, and many purchases have been determined by it, but, in this writer's opinion it just plain isn't so. Folk art developed energetically along bold, independent lines as a strong tradition that continued in an unbroken line into the twentieth century, and reached a peak of achievement, both in quantity and quality, after the middle of the nineteenth century. Its character as an original, native art developed logically and consistently with the free growth of this country, and it was only after shedding English and Continental example that the folk artists reached the height of their own style.

To support this point: Despite Mrs. Little's statement in the sculpture section that after 1850 folk sculpture suffered from the impact of mechanical production, in *her* selection of thirty-one masterpiece examples of illustration—figureheads, trade signs, decoys, weather vanes, toys, and novelties—only five pieces antedate 1850, eleven are 1850-1870, while fifteen are dated between 1870 and 1900.

ades for all these troubles to be resolved. In the end, the Metropolitan's portion was bought back by the Rockefellers and moved to Williamsburg. The pieces already in Williamsburg were restored by means of a dozen different processes (plasters were snapped back into shape by being placed in drier climatic conditions; velvets were dried out and refurbished).

Now, as of this week, the entire Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art Collection has at last been housed in a newly built house. To please the conservation-minded the house is air-conditioned, thereby preventing future mishaps from humidity. To please the esthetes the house is of nineteenth-century style (eight living rooms with stenciled floors and hand-painted panels, plus one kitchen)—and, instead of standing in the eighteenth-century part of Williamsburg, the house has been built outside the town limits. Total cost to John D. Rockefeller, Jr.: another one million dollars, making the grand total of the Rockefeller gift to Williamsburg now $61,000,000.

—JOHN HAVERSTICK.

—From "Lorenzo Ghiberti."

**Two "Prophets" from the North Door of the Florence Baptistry.**

# A Sculptor of His Times

***"Lorenzo Ghiberti," by Richard Krautheimer in collaboration with Trude Krautheimer-Hess*** *(Princeton University Press. 457 pp. 138 plates, 146 figures. $30), is a comprehensive monograph on the work of the great Florentine sculptor. Wolfgang Lotz of Vassar College is our reviewer.*

By Wolfgang Lotz

LORENZO GHIBERTI, the Florentine sculptor, spent fifty years of his life, from 1402 to 1452, modeling and casting two doors for the Florence Baptistry. He died three years after completing the second, which was later to be called by Michelangelo the "Gate of Paradise." These fifty years saw the germination, gradual growth, and blooming of the Renaissance in Brunelleschi's architecture, Masaccio's painting, and Donatello's sculpture.

Against this exciting, complex background Richard Krautheimer and Trude Krautheimer-Hess have set their hero and his work; the importance of the moment justifies the size of the book, for they tell Ghiberti's story in the context of Florentine art and history during these crucial years. No recent work in English attempts to study a major artist of the first half of the fifteenth century with such an all-encompassing lens.

The narrative chapters alone involve a digest of 302 documents which refer to Ghiberti, while an appendix gives the full text of 163 documents hitherto unpublished, or published incompletely or incorrectly. The fresh and skilful rereading and reinterpreting of the authors set a new standard for Renaissance monographs.

The great Baptistry doors may appear at first sight as two integrated separate works but upon analysis they do have not a "complete stylistic unity." The authors by cross-referencing the reliefs, the documents, and Ghiberti's other works, and by scrutinizing the production of contemporary artists for echoes of his manner and inventions arrive at a convincing chronological order for each section of the doors.

But the scholarly aspects of the book in no way obscure the lively, many-faceted personality of Ghiberti: We see him first as the shrewd executive of the firm, "Ghiberti & Father"; later of "Ghiberti & Sons," the acknowledged expert in the modelling and finishing of bronze casts; later still as the consultant for the construction of the great dome of Florence Cathedral, a judicious critic of Trecento painting, a distinguished connoisseur and collector of ancient sculpture. Finally in his late years in the writing of the "Commentari" he attempts to emulate the style and erudition of the humanists. As a sculptor he is a man of his own exciting times who, in an almost osmotic process of give and take, contributes his accomplishments and absorbs the achievements of his great contemporaries.

This constant exchange of ideas within the vibrant Florentine environment becomes clear to the reader as the doors are gradually brought

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into close focus. The early door consists of twenty-eight quatrefoils with twenty-eight separate scenes from the life of Christ; in the later door, stories from the Old Testament are related in ten large rectangular plaques, several episodes being fitted into unifying landscapes or architectural settings. The new pictorial relief here devised by Ghiberti used to be accounted for in a rather casual way by relating it to the new principles of representation that Masaccio and Donatello were developing during the same years. However, in the three chapters entitled "Linear Perspective," "Ghiberti Architetto," "Ghiberti and Alberti," the true stature of the Florentine master is now established and he is incontrovertibly proved to be not a mere contributor to the new scientific style but one of its founders.

The reliefs of the second door were modelled before 1437. The backgrounds present a "vision of a monumental, consistent, fully integrated, and purist architecture" anticipating the "vast plazas surrounded by noble buildings" of Alberti's treatise on architecture written around 1450. In fact, two of the panels show a consistent linear perspective constructed on the formula set forth by Alberti in his treatise on painting completed in 1435. Ghiberti's creation of a "visual and measurable space related to the site and designed for the action of human figures" coincides with Alberti's theoretical definitions. Here is a striking, unrecognized proof of the artistic cross-fertilization so characteristic of the period.

The effect of ancient art upon Ghiberti is analyzed in a careful list of classical works plausibly accessible to him and indeed quotations and motifs drawn from antiquity are frequent in his *oeuvre*. However, as he took over details rather than the principles of ancient relief composition, his approach was not essentially different from that of his Tuscan predecessors such as the Pisani or Arnolfo da Cambio.

In the Florence of the early fifteenth century sculptors counted as artisans and were excluded from the exalted circles of the humanists. By writing his "Commentari," Ghiberti entered the field of classical erudition and narrowed the gap between artists and humanists which was only closed towards the end of the century.

High praise should go to the Princeton University Press for the layout, the text, and the plates, almost all of which are blamelessly rendered. And both the Bollingen and the Guggenheim foundations deserve credit for having contributed substantially to the cost of printing of the book.

**COMMUNISM**

Theodore Draper—". . . pertinent and basic truths."

# From Opera Bouffe to Treason

***"The Roots of American Communism," by Theodore Draper*** *(Viking. 498 pp. $6.75), is the first in a series of studies of the Communist movement in the United States. It is reviewed by Professor Sidney Hook of New York University, author of "The Hero in History" and other books.*

By Sidney Hook

DEVELOPMENTS in Communist policy and practice since the Second World War have by now disillusioned all but the hard core of professional revolutionists. There are no longer any innocent fellow travelers. Even in politically unsophisticated circles there is finally recognition that those who cooperate with the Communist Party are accomplices in conspiracy. This mood accounts for a question heard with increasing frequency: Why should any American, even if he had legitimate grievances, ever have been drawn to a movement, ideology, or party so utterly foreign to American traditions, including the traditions of independent American radicalism? After all, political mechanisms existed by which evils could be alleviated if not completely remedied. What is more, every ideal in behalf of which such evils were opposed has been betrayed and trampled into the dust by the Communist rulers of the Kremlin. Why, then, should the Communist movement in America have managed to endure despite its varying fortunes?

No simple answer can be given to this question, all the more so if it is considered as one lying in the field of the psychopathology of politics. But as in all case studies of apparently sustained irrational behavior, an historical approach may prove illuminating. In "The Roots of American Communism," a study of the origins of the American Communist Party and the early years during which it slowly emerged from its secret underground existence, without ever wholly abandoning it, Theodore Draper makes available a mass of relevant information, interestingly written, well organized, and soberly interpreted. Although Mr. Draper does not essay a comprehensive answer to the complex question of motivation, he does establish some pertinent and basic truths. Had they been assimilated sooner, they would have immunized those who have been taken in—as who at some time in connection with some good cause has not?—by Communist rhetorical professions of idealism.

Depending upon their knowledge and degree of sophistication, readers will be struck by different things in Mr. Draper's book. No matter how virginal their minds with respect to the subject, it is safe to predict that some things will appear to them as undeniable in virtue of the impressive documentation and dispassionate analysis of the author's account.

The first and most important truth is that the American Communist Party in a very definite sense was never an American party. From the very outset the Kremlin was the controlling force which gradually brought all American factions to heel. Every major change in its history, includ-

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ing brave words about Americanizing Communism, has been, as Mr. Draper well says "in reality merely another type of American response to a Russian stimulus." Even in its composition, the Communist Party during its early years was made up overwhelmingly of foreign language-speaking groups who had no organic connection with American culture and life, not even with the American labor movement. This situation changed after the Communist Party had been purged by its Russian taskmasters and brought above ground.

Almost as impressive is the forthrightness with which in its early years, before it had learned caution and the art of doublespeak, the American Communist Party advocated the violent overthrow of democratic institutions, to a point where failure to be explicit about the necessity of armed insurrection was ground for impugning Communist orthodoxy. With this went directives for conspiratorial work, and instructions on how to circumvent "the capitalist courts and police." What the Communists in America lacked in strength, they compensated for in extremism of utterance. Since the Soviet Union at the time, far from being a world power in a position to threaten others, was itself trembling in the shadows of disaster, its affiliates here in no sense constituted a clear and present danger to the United States. This was in sharp contrast with the situation subsequently. The transformation of the Communist Party into an agency for infiltration into mass organizations and strategic positions for the collection and transmission of restricted and secret data was yet to come.

Another impression gradually built up in the course of Mr. Draper's narrative is of the appallingly low intellectual level of the top leadership of the Communist Party. With few exceptions, they were unglorified mediocrities—individuals unschooled in Marxist theory or any other kind of economic or philosophical theory, and adept only in the organizational maneuvers permitted by the narrow confines of Comintern decrees. But as church history shows, even captive minds may possess intellectual power; the low grade intelligence, therefore, of Communist leaders cannot altogether be explained in terms of their slavish dependence on Moscow. A certain fear and contempt of ideas, imbibed from the circumambient philistinism, must have reinforced their natural limitations.

Louis C. Fraina—"exception to the rule."

—*Drawings from "The Roots of American Communism."*

**"From revolutionary phrase-mongering . . . to organizational activities, open and secret."**

Of the few exceptions to the rule, Louis C. Fraina, later known as Lewis Corey, stands out. Mr. Draper handles deftly the fabulous story of his many lives from a founding father, while still a mere stripling, of the American Communist Party (Lenin regarded him as the first American Bolshevik) to assistant editor of the Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences, and then to leading critic of all varieties of Bolshevik-Leninist-Marxism. The career of this remarkable antididact who although he had never gone to high school became a brilliant college professor is a tribute not only to his own powers but to the open society which he belatedly but eloquently interpreted. It is also evidence, in the harassment to which he was cruelly subject and which contributed to his death, that if the way of the Communist is hard, the way of the ex-Communist not infrequently is harder.

Before finally assessing this volume, one will have to read its successor which is scheduled to carry the history of the Communist Party up to 1945. But taken in its own terms, and for the period covered, it is an uncommonly good book. Its chief limitations are two. First, it does not sufficiently stress the extent to which the appeal of Communism in the years of its birth rested upon its appearing as an anti-war movement. Second, it does not do sufficient justice to the fact that from the very beginning Communism was a disease of idealism. Mr. Draper incontrovertibly establishes the fact that as far as doctrine is concerned the Communist Party has changed only its language rather than its beliefs. He does not seem to be completely aware, however, that as a political party it really did not exist on the American scene up to the time he concludes his study. The Communist Party really came to life on the American scene only after Stalin appointed Earl Browder as the Kremlin's chief American lieutenant. The first test of the new Party was the organization of the "hunger march" on Washington. From that time it was definitely in the picture, growing in danger on the American scene as the Soviet Union grew in strength on the world scene. The change represented a shift from revolutionary phrase-mongering in which Communists bored each other, to organizational activities, open and secret, through which they sought to bore their way to strategic positions enabling them to carry out the directives of the Kremlin. From heretics they had become conspiratorial fifth columnists, actual or potential.

Since the age of the wars of religion, and largely because of it, Anglo-Saxon communities have never taken ideology seriously as a systematic guide to daily and political life. The conception of a political party based on an ideology, particularly one whose principles are authoritatively interpreted in a foreign country, is completely alien to their experience. To assume, however, that because ideology is discounted in one's own community as irrelevant ritual, it therefore plays no important role in the political behavior of other countries, is a ghastly mistake. It was made four times by Western statesmen in their appraisal of Lenin, Mussolini, Hitler, and Stalin. It is an open question whether they have learned that ideas, valid or invalid, count in history, particularly when they are direct guides to action.

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# Hornbook on the Inscrutable

***"Soviet Russia Today," by John L. Stipp*** *(Harper. 270 pp. $4), brings together writings of leading authorities to explain what often seems to Americans a riddle-wrapped enigma.*

By George Fischer

AMONG the causes of American jitters during the Cold War has been the sense that our opponent was unfathomable. Churchill's mellifluous phrase of 1939 about "a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma" merely solidified the conviction (and dread) that Russia and Soviet Communism behaved in accordance with rules that were too irrational, or too thoroughly hidden behind the Iron Curtain, to comprehend. In the decade since the beginning of the Cold War, America has solved many a riddle and unwrapped not a few mysteries through ambitious and pioneering studies of Soviet politics, economics, society. But all too little of these new valuable findings has so far penetrated beyond small groups of specialists.

It is this that "Soviet Russia Today," a book addressed to the layman, to the nonspecialist, aims to remedy. It succeeds very well. One of the encouraging, even exciting things about it is that it offers impressive proof that Churchill's dictum was not as wholly valid or irreversible as so many believed.

The success of the book is due to the method adopted by its editor, John L. Stipp, who is professor of history at Knox College. He has selected excerpts from outstanding recent writing by leading Western specialists on Russia, and woven them together through lively prefatory remarks and a historical introduction of his own. As a rule the selections are well chosen as well as readable. They come from such leading scholars as Philip E. Mosely of Columbia, Frederick C. Barghoorn of Yale, and Merle Fainsod and Barrington Moore, Jr., of Harvard. England is represented by Isaac Deutscher, John Plamenatz, and the late and great Sir John Maynard. A few selections from Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin are included. Since the content of any anthology indubitably evokes disagreement, let it be noted in passing only that this particular reviewer regrets the inclusion of several authorities in fields other than contemporary Russia (G. D. Cole, Hans Kohn, Walt Rostow), as well as the omission of such central figures in this field as George F. Kennan in the United States and E. H. Carr and Isaiah Berlin in England.

"Soviet Russia Today" presents its material in three parts. The first part offers a competent if not unfamiliar picture of Marxism and its transplantation to Russia. The second part takes up Soviet politics and economics. It contains novel and meaty material, including an interesting section on what the Soviets think about the United States. The last part, dealing with future prospects, is of course the most tantalizing and controversial. Here the most suggestive selection, albeit all too short, is from the recent work by Barrington Moore, "Progress and Terror USSR"—a careful and yet bold hypothesis about the likely interplay between three tendencies: totalitarianism, the efficiency-minded "rationalist" technocracy, and the tendency to adopt a new traditionalist "cake of custom."

The aim of "Soviet Russia Today" was to bring the most important and most recent findings to the lay reader. With only a few exceptions Professor Stipp has succeeded completely. He has thereby provided a welcome antidote to the enervating dread of unknowability implicit in the Churchillian formula. In turn, the abating of this dread should do much to give the United States greater confidence and greater perspective in dealing with its formidable opponent.

**KNOW THY ENEMY:** No reputable modern commander would dream of embarking on military operations without first trying to find out as much as possible about the nature and capabilities of the forces opposing him. This basic commandment is no less applicable to today's cold war of ideas, loyalty, and ultimate political control being waged against us by the Soviet Union and the world Communist movement. We can never hope to meet and turn back their grave threat unless we make a similar effort to learn what Communism is all about and how it operates. George W. Cronyn's **"A Primer on Communism"** (Dutton, $2.50) goes far towards meeting this need for the general reader. Presented in brief, matter of fact, question-and-answer form, this is more than just a superficial survey of Soviet history, activities, and doctrine; it also touches, though perhaps too briefly, on the problem of how to recognize Communism here at home and combat it.

—SAMUEL S. STRATTON.

**ANTIDOTE TO AWE:** Since World War II Soviet Russia has progressed from diplomatic, economic, cultural isolation to effective "competitive coexistence," from an "underdeveloped society" to the world's second greatest industrial and military power. The superimposition of today's USSR on our earlier images of the peoples' republics is one of the main sources of puzzlement, disbelief, and apprehensive awe which characterize so much of the West's reaction to Soviet Communism. An invaluable antidote to this particular difficulty is, of course, a historical retrospect, a cumulative, stage-by-stage review and analysis of Soviet evolution through its four decades. It is such a survey that is presented in George von Rauch's **"A History of Soviet Russia"** (translated by Peter and Annette Jacobsohn; Praeger, $6.75). Rauch, a professor of history at the University of Marburg, is one of Germany's most prolific postwar writers on Russia. The book consists of nine chapters, two of them specifically on foreign relations, which trace Soviet history from the October Revolution of 1917

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to the Polish and Hungarian "October revolution" of 1956.

For an introduction to the subject, Professor von Rauch's book probably is too long, has too many nonessential names and details, and is written (or translated) in too humdrum a style. Nor does the author devote much space or attention to the historical and "social science" analysis which is of such central interest to the world today—and which since World War II has been the focus of the leading investigators in the United States and England. Hence Professor von Rauch's work is neither a descriptive introduction nor an advanced analysis. It is, rather, a thorough, usually dispassionate narrative with bits of both. —GEORGE FISCHER.

**HEAD SPY'S STORY:** **"Empire of Fear"** (Praeger, $5) sheds some additional light on the *cause célèbre* of Vladimir Petrov, third secretary at the Soviet Embassy in Canberra and head of the Soviet espionage organization in Australia, who in April 1954 sought political asylum in that country. Evdokia Petrov, an MVD officer like her husband, was not aware of his plans and decided to join him at the very last moment, shortly before the plane on which she was traveling to Moscow left Darwin, the last Australian port of call. Both husband and wife contribute separate chapters to the volume, which tells in some detail their life story. Both were members of the Communist Party and from early youth were associated with the security police and espionage.

The defection of Vladimir Petrov, moreover, was preceded by arrangements with the Australian security officials, who not only guaranteed him the right of asylum but also a payment of £5,000. In spite of this unsavory background, the Australian Royal Commission on Espionage, which examined the Petrovs and scrutinized their evidence, reached the conclusion that they were "witnesses of truth." This assertion of an authoritative and experienced agency should not be taken lightly, even though the reader may at times find it difficult to comprehend the authors' arguments and motives. "Empire of Fear" is an unpleasant and somewhat overwritten but revealing and, indeed, terrifying book.

—MICHAEL T. FLORINSKY.

**REVOLT THAT FAILED:** Of all the countries behind the Iron Curtain, East Germany is the least known. The state itself is a Soviet improvisation of the Cold War, without a past and, we hope, without a future; it is overshadowed by the free Germany of the West and by the ancient states of Eastern Europe, which we do remember. East Germany has had only one fleeting moment of historical fame: on June 17, 1953, its people, led by the working classes, were the first to revolt against Communism, and, galled beyond endurance by years of senseless exploitation, defiantly shouted for food and freedom.

The revolt spread swiftly and spontaneously until, as Stefan Brant's very good account **"The East German Rising"** (Praeger, $3.95) shows, it penetrated the remotest corners of East Germany. But the success was short-lived, and after a day of rioting and marching, of freeing prisoners and intimidating Communist officials, the Red Army, reluctantly but ruthlessly, came to the aid of the frightened satellite Stalinists. The Stalinists survived, though their hold, once shaken, became more precarious. As Brant says: "Each unsuccessful revolution leaves the rulers with a suspended death sentence."

—FRITZ STERN.

## Pick of the Paperbacks

**CASTE AND CLASS IN A SOUTHERN TOWN.** *By John Dollard. Anchor.* $1.25. A social-psychological study of the caste system in Southerntown, USA, and how segregation affects the psychology of both races there. Written in 1937 by the late professor of psychology at Yale, the book's insights remain valid and pertinent.

**DISCOVERIES AND OPINIONS OF GALILEO.** *Edited and translated by Stillman Drake. Anchor.* $1.25. Four short works, two of which have never appeared in English, reveal the astronomer-mathematician's own method of scientific inquiry as well as the philosophical ponderings which led to his difficulties with the Inquisition. Mr. Drake, an authority on seventeenth-century physics and astronomy, has provided extensive historical notes and an introduction.

**THE ECONOMIC BASIS OF POLITICS.** *By Charles A. Beard. Vintage.* $1.25. The economic interpretation of history as recorded in excerpts from the works of the distinguished American historian. Compiled and annotated by the author's son William Beard.

**ON LIFE AND SEX.** *By Havelock Ellis. Mentor.* 50¢. Essays about the family, motherhood, and taboos, by the English psychologist who pioneered in the field of sexual behavior.

**PLEASURES AND DAYS.** *By Marcel Proust. Edited by F. W. Dupee. Translated by Louise Varese, Gerard Hopkins, Barbara Dupee. Anchor.* 95¢. An assortment of early prose, criticism, reflections, which presage "Remembrance of Things Past." The introduction is by the author of "Henry James: His Life and Writing."

**YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN.** *By Thomas Wolfe. Universal.* $1.45. The sprawling, posthumous sequel to "The Web and the Rock," about a successful writer, his journey to Germany of the Thirties, and his coming to terms with himself and his world.

**MAN IN THE MODERN AGE.** *By Karl Jaspers. Anchor.* 95¢. Amid all the cry about modern man feebly clutching his individuality, here is the clear and hopeful voice of a German existentialist who discusses man, his choices, and his "selfhood."

**A LONDON LIFE.** *By Henry James. Grove.* $1.25. The decline of the English aristocracy, its debts and infidelities, its corrupting power on the emotions of the people caught in its web, are depicted in this characteristic Jamesian novel.

**THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.** *By John Bunyan. Pocket.* 35¢. One of the most influential works in the English language, this seventeenth-century classic is the story of Christian, a devout and humble man and his adventures along the highway of life.

**THE CLASSICAL TRADITION.** *By Gilbert Highet. Oxford University Press.* $2.95. An account of the chief ways in which the Greco-Roman tradition has shaped modern literature by the well-known Columbia professor and radio commentator.

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# The Ache of Love

***"Challenge to Venus," by Charles Morgan*** *(Macmillan. 306 pp. $3.50), pictures a sensitive young Englishman falling under the spell of an ancient Italian hill town and a fascinating Italian woman.*

By Walter Havighurst

CHARLES MORGAN, author of "The Fountain" and "Sparkenbroke," can be counted on for a serious portrayal of character and relationships and a sensitive awareness of background. These accomplishments mark his new novel "Challenge to Venus," which shows a reflective young Englishman falling under the spell of an ancient hill town in northern Italy and of an aristocratic Italian woman who has all gifts except that of giving herself away. This, then, is a love story—the most constrained and intense love story in Mr. Morgan's fiction.

It begins with lanky Martin Lyghe arriving in ancient Varenna, not the fishing village on Lake Como but an older town that straddles two hills near the Umbrian border of Tuscany. There he is to spend the last ten days of his home leave from a desk job in the tropic heat of Aden. The ten days prove fateful.

—*Elliott Erwitt.*

Charles Morgan—"sensitive awareness."

Martin has come to Varenna to visit his old Oxford tutor, now living in rooms above the swarming piazza and working on Italian history. A deeper reason is that he grew up in Italy—it was the best of his childhood—and this is a returning home. A strange thing about Martin is his gift of "abrupt certainty"; knowledge comes to him in a flash, a blinding and compelling sureness. When, on his first evening in Varenna, he sees on a neighboring balcony the beautiful Fiammetta, this sense of certainty overwhelms him.

As he sees her, she seems to have emerged from light itself. "In her expression, wonder was shot with knowledge, as though for her all sounds were echoes, and by her everything she saw were being newly seen but under the influence of pristine memories. The wonder was of recognition, not of innocence or surprise; it had in it the challenge, as well as the acceptance, of one who knew that her beauty was extreme, and perilous because it was excessive—an innate hubris." In the shock of mystical recognition, Martin Lyghe, "still trembling under the impact of the encounter," can only murmur a mystical line from Poe's most famous poem: "Ah! Psyche, from the regions which are holy land!"

This is to be a transcendent and fateful love affair, in which mortals reach for the felicity of the gods, and it leads Mr. Morgan into a reaching for effect. His lovers bear an unnatural burden, that of being Love incarnate. For a time they move through their ecstasy and exaltation like figures in a tableau. Mr. Morgan even calls them the Giant and the Princess.

Around this classic pair is the bustling life of the Italian town. Footsteps clatter in the Via Roma, echo in the long arched tunnel, fade in the many-voiced piazza with its shifting light and shadow. And soon that vital life suffuses again the novel and invades the swooning lovers. Before the end their love is more than mystical; it is personal and painful, exacting and exalting. It has the ache and the imperfection of life.

—*Jacket design for "Challenge to Venus."*

# Tales of the Hapless

***"Home With Hazel and Other Stories," by Mark Van Doren*** *(Harcourt, Brace. 248 pp. $3.95), is a collection of short stories, by a Pulitzer Prize-winning poet, in which the central figure is often a prisoner of circumstance and his own psychic mazes.*

By Donald R. Bensen

THE victim is perhaps the central figure of the modern short story. The anthologies are filled with studies of helpless and hapless people, prisoners of circumstance and their own psychic mazes, who are able only to take the wrong and disastrous step. Many such stories are of course brilliant, many are convincing as reportage. But very often, even in the most harrowing stories, even in those most faithful to experience, there is a feeling of flatness, an impression that this can't be all there is to the situation. In the twenty stories in his new collection "Home With Hazel," Mark Van Doren gives to his characters a dimension which is lacking in this general run of short stories.

This dimension is a compound of awareness and responsibility. Many of the people in these stories are driven or trapped; but they have the dignity of knowing what they are and what they must do. The travelling husband in "The Uncertain Glory" is drawn to a young woman on a train; he cannot avoid the compulsion of following and studying her, but he is not helpless in his compulsion; he is aware of and can control his actions within its framework, and at the end can accept his responsibility to the mainstream of his life.

Mark Van Doren is a poet—winner of a Pulitzer Prize—and sees people and their actions as a poet does, not as a reporter. Moral implications

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rather than psychological problems are the important considerations for him. His characters' speech is graceful and appropriate, but more logical, more coherent than normal speech; it is not unlike the language in Robert Frost's dialogues—and Van Doren has much in common with Frost. Both are interested in essential character, and in morality; both, in consequence, tend to be grim rather than kindly or merely pitying.

For example, another author—almost any other—would have treated the man in "If Lizzie Tells" totally differently. An aging salesman finds himself, to his horror, attracted to adolescent girls; he contents himself for a while with watching, then makes a misstep with a young friend of his own daughter. Mr. Van Doren does not demand our pity for this man, or hold him up as a grotesque victim. He is merely a man who has lost control, and now has to face the problem of how to come to terms with himself. In this story, as in many of the others, the awareness of the central character both mitigates his disaster and gives it a tragic dignity.

A poet's feeling for details of setting is evident, too, in this collection. In the title story, a journey through Illinois and Indiana in the late summer is unforgettably pictured; and in "The Pasture," a grim, misty New England hill farm is put down with startling beauty. "They . . . never commented on this greater love he had for less than downpours; . . . for clouds above him dampening his eyes and altering every object above earth, rolling or at rest, it didn't matter, so long as they were there and he was in them as now he was, observing how the stones and junipers sailed on downhill like islands in the sea, moving by some law of their desire."

The situations in these stories are widely varied—murders, a thwarted prison break, a kindly practical joke, an embezzlement, a young man's hesitation to marry, a barroom romance are among them—but all are treated with a poet's clarity and austerity—and regard for truth beneath appearances; and all are memorable.

# Rome the Perdurable

***"The Keys of St. Peter," by Roger Peyrefitte** (translated by Edward Hyams. Criterion. 380 pp. $4.50), takes a dark view of the Vatican and the Holy Roman Church through the eyes of a youthful French abbé.*

By Otis Fellows

ROGER PEYREFITTE, at the age of fifty, is author of some ten books which critics have grudgingly recognized as novels. Too often they have seemed to be short on motivation of plot and character as, dispassionately and with little show of creative imagination, an adroit puppeteer has put his marionettes through their paces. These may be shortcomings in fiction writing, but M. Peyrefitte, like Voltaire and Anatole France before him, draws upon other resources, among them a lucid mind, delicate and cutting irony, bland mockery, erudition, and literary competence, to hold the interest and upon occasion scandalize the reader.

Three of M. Peyrefitte's novels—chronicles might be a more suitable term—are already familiar to the American public through translation. The general pattern for each is the same. A slim plot supported by a handful of fictitious characters twists its way through the contemporary scene peopled with personages of eminence whom the author has known. The impression of authenticity is heightened by a generous scattering of plausible and for the most part reliable anecdotes pertaining to the milieux involved, as well as by a meticulous depiction of background material. This procedure has been pushed close to its extreme consequences in "The Keys of St. Peter," a book which has been avidly read and widely commented upon in Western Europe.

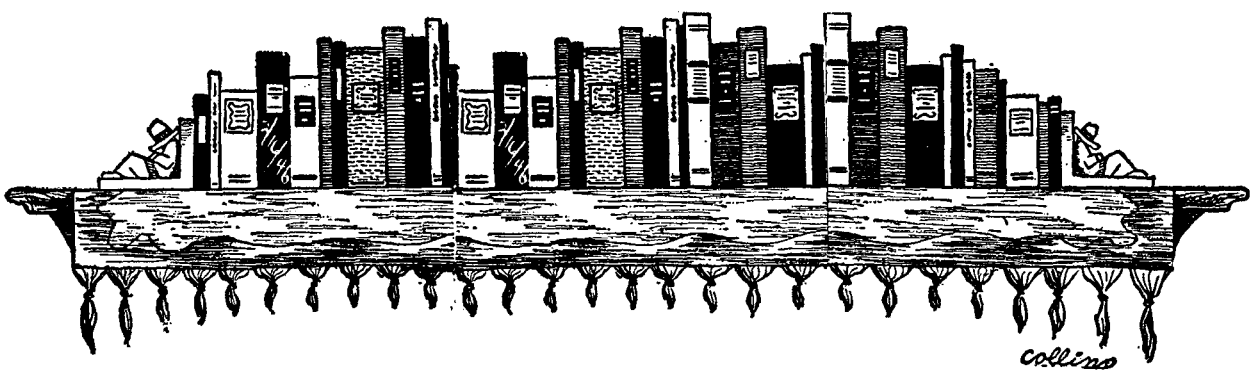
The author wishes us to believe that, while in Rome during the early 1950s, he associated with many Princes of the Church. He maintains that the cardinals to whom he talked and who told him so much knew perfectly well to what use he was planning to put his information. However that may be, the result is an often impudent, sometimes arrogant, and always fascinating probing into the workings of the Holy Roman Church.

Victor Mas, a youthful French abbé leaves Paris for Rome the better to pursue his studies for the priesthood. There he becomes a member of the household of Cardinal Belloro who sees more clearly than another "the great abyss between things human and the things of God." The myriad ways the Church Universal strives to span this abyss constitute the substance of the book; the abbé Mas's efforts to bridge it and with clear conscience take the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, make up the plot. But, M. Peyrefitte would tell us, the presence of evil in the designs of men is everywhere apparent—in the world at large, in the beauty and grandeur of the Eternal City, and even in the complex and far-flung influence of the Vatican State itself.

The intentions of the author in writing the present novel-chronicle-tract may have been wholly destructive. What is curious is the fact that from the pages arises a reluctant admiration for the durable vitality of the Holy Roman Church, a great edifice whose poise nothing—not even a book such as this—can destroy.

**FORLORN EUNUCH:** The ambitiousness of **"The Seraglio"** (Knopf, $3.95), a first novel by a young poet named James Merrill, is not to be measured by its length, which is modest, but by the density of its symbolic texture and the delicately ambiguous relationships it attempts to establish among a large number of characters. The plot revolves around Francis Tanning, a spiritualized young man with a bent for asceticism, who is sensitized almost beyond endurance to the finest nuances of moral dilemmas, yet incapable of grasping their

(*Continued on page* 30)

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# Freedom Was Their Fetish

***"Days of the Phoenix," by Van Wyck Brooks*** *(Dutton. 193 pp. $3.95), offers the recollections of a distinguished critic of the literary world of the 1920s, in which he played a considerable part.*

By Joseph Wood Krutch

IN THE Twenties we thought pretty well of ourselves but we had no idea how soon we were going to be History with a capital H. Before we knew it, the solemn Thirties were reviling us for our crude frivolity and we had hardly got used to that when the Forties began to discover us as a Usable Past. Did you once see Fitzgerald plain? Many did and not all of them considered it much of a privilege at the time.

Van Wyck Brooks was in on the ground floor. Five years before the Twenties began he published the first of the books to announce that America had "come of age" and in 1920 his "Ordeal of Mark Twain" was one of the earliest examples of what we are now embarrassed to call the "debunking" of respectable literary figures. As one of the editors of both *The Freeman* and *The Seven Arts* he was somewhere near the center of the Westport extension of The Village. And for all these reasons he need temper only a bit Aeneas's boast to say, "A lot of it I saw and an important part of it I was." The present book is not a history of the decade (for that, as a younger man reconstructed it, see Frederick Hoffman's "The Twenties") but exactly what the subtitle promises. And in justification Mr. Brooks quotes Yeats urging his father into autobiography: "It would tell people about those things that are not old enough to be in histories or new enough to be in the reader's mind, and those things are always the things that are least known."

Fifty or more writers, painters, editors, and publishers make more or less brief appearances in the pages and there are full, vivid portraits of half a dozen or more others—for the most part not such frequently discussed figures as Dreiser, Lewis, Fitzgerald, and the rest, but instead such "movers and shakers" as Randolph Bourne, Albert J. Nock, Waldo Frank, Francis Neilson, Alfred Stieglitz, Lewis Mumford, Malcolm Cowley, Mary Colum, Joel Spingarn, and many others.

Some of these men and women probably belong more to History than to the Usable Past but they do belong to history and it is just because they are dropping out of memory that these reminiscences take on an additional value.

Van Wyck Brooks—"generous almost to a fault."

As usual Mr. Brooks is generous almost to a fault. That does not mean so much that he exaggerates the importance of the people he discusses as simply that he would rather not to dwell upon either their limitations or their faults. Clay feet he prefers not to look at though the idols of the Twenties had them at least as often as the idols of any other decade. One no longer living critic whom he celebrates as a great enemy of superficiality and sham seemed to many who knew him a good bit of a poseur himself and another whose urbanity is praised was capable also of the arrogant rudeness of the grand seigneur he fancied himself to be—and in fact actually was. Still, generosity is not the most characteristic fault of the Thirties, the Forties, or the Fifties, and something similar may be said of the fact that Mr. Brooks plays down the once too persistently played up rowdy side of an era. The fact remains that at least three of the most talented fiction writers of the decade permitted themselves to sink to the status of alcoholic nuisances and so did one of the most enterprising publishers.

Like every other epoch, the Twenties were characterized by too many cross-currents and opposing tendencies to be summed up in any simple generalization. Many have seen it as wholly given over to iconoclasm, cynicism, and that kind of "realism" which these words suggest. Yet, as Mr. Brooks can say truly both for himself and many of those with whom he was most closely associated, "To *render* was the aim of the coming generation, just as to *elevate* was the aim of ours; and I never doubted that our 'school' would come into its own again when writers tired of 'rendering' as their ultimate object."

TO ME, looking back as Mr. Brooks does, it seems that one of the paradoxes of the Twenties is partly resolvable. Its intellectual leaders were against more things than they were for. They had definite enemies called Provinciality, Puritanism, and Sentimentality. And they had the rather naïve idea that if they could only annihilate these monsters then Culture, Truth, and all the elements of The Good Life would, of their own accord, rush in to fill the vacuum. In much the same way they wanted to be Free without stopping to ask, Free for What.

Much of the far deeper disillusion that has enveloped the Forties and Fifties is the realization that the vacuums the Twenties created have not been filled and that few seem to know what to do with the freedom they have inherited.

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# The Art of Lawrence Reexamined

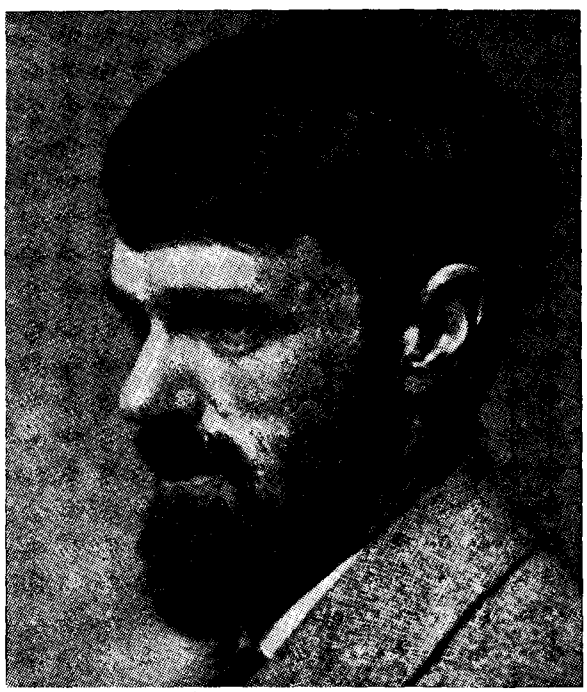
***"The Dark Sun: A Study of D. H. Lawrence," by Graham Hough*** *(Macmillan. 265 pp. $4.50), is a critical survey of Lawrence's fiction, poetry, and beliefs. It is reviewed by Harry T. Moore, author or editor of six books concerned with Lawrence, including the biography "The Intelligent Heart."*

By Harry T. Moore

COMING so soon after F. R. Leavis's "D. H. Lawrence: Novelist," Graham Hough's "The Dark Sun" has the anticlimactic suggestion of infantry slogging forward after the enemy ranks have been broken and scattered by a wild cavalry charge, with shouts and flashing sabers. Mr. Hough's book, in good foot-soldier fashion, ultimately covers more ground and settles in to become an army of occupation; but it was the mobile attack that pierced through the opposing lines and won the battle.

Graham Hough begins his volume with two statements: first, he is interested in Lawrence chiefly because of his effect on the twentieth century, and therefore has approached him from the outside; second, he has found useful biographies of Lawrence, but "little helpful criticism except that of Dr. Leavis." True, Leavis has lived inside the subject, even suffered inside it, for a long time; his recent book doesn't have the breadth of Hough's, for he impatiently ignores or scamps what doesn't interest him, but what he decides to look into he scrutinizes with brilliant penetration, particularly Lawrence's two finest works, "The Rainbow" and "Women in Love." As to other criticism, Hough should look around. He could hardly have been serious in his statement about its limitations if he had read, say, Van Ghent and Spilka on "Sons and Lovers," Schorer on "Women in Love," Wilson on "Lady Chatterley's Lover," Ellmann on the poems, Tindall on both the anthropological and symbolic aspects of Lawrence, or Gregory or Tiverton on almost any aspect—for these critics have usually written more effectively and originally about Lawrence than Hough does in his comprehensive, useful, though plodding study. Whether he knows it or not, the book resounds with echoes of his predecessors.

This doesn't mean that it lacks fresh ideas or occasional valuable insights. In a final chapter, in which Hough undertakes the difficult task of trying to systematize this unsystematic man who believed that "knowledge is an experience, not a formula," he does fairly well in his attempt to understand and make plausible the "philosophy" underlying Lawrence's work. He is particularly sound when he points out that Lawrence doesn't attack the essence of Christianity or of romantic love, but rather their accidents: the sentimentalism and vulgarities. Hough neatly relates to these observations the short novel which Lawrence called "The Escaped Cock," a title his publishers changed (bowdlerized?) after his death. In trying to locate Lawrence in the literary hierarchy, Hough repeats the familiar enough assertion that he was not a tragic writer. But what of it? Who *is* authentically tragic nowadays? At another level, Hough examines Lawrence's "dualism" interestingly enough, but at the last does not come so close to telling us what Lawrence *was* (or *is*) as Leon Vivante does in his 1955 book "A Philosophy of Potentiality," which profitably explores Lawrence's own beliefs about the "spontaneity" that is the generating impulse of all his writings.



D. H. Lawrence—"undisciplined emotion."

In discussing the major novels, Hough does best with "The Plumed Serpent" and "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (a book that perhaps should be read only twice: once to absorb the shock, and once to see what the thing really is). Hough deals at length with Lawrence's important political novel, "Kangaroo," neglected by most other critics except Tiverton. But Hough fails to realize the significance of this novel's "Nightmare" chapter because he believes that Lawrence's response to the First World War was "so egotistical as to be almost insane." Lawrence was, however, a spokesman for all the sensitive but quieter men of the time who were appalled by its mass bullying—a far more representative spokesman than Hough gives him credit for being. Consequently this critic misses the pertinence of "The Nightmare" as a Descent-Into-Hell sequence in "Kangaroo."

Throughout, Hough's greatest weakness is that he is too laboriously concerned with Lawrencean doctrine: hence the short stories, "purer" than the novels, interest him less, and his criticism of them is sometimes hasty and superficial, it seems to me, and often wrong. He provides no full study of Lawrence's language, so intrinsic a part of this writer's very vision.

But Hough defends Lawrence's poetry, despite his tendency to accept Blackmur's strictures to the effect that the poems are defective because their form is determined by undisciplined emotion rather than the rational imagination. Hough nevertheless says—again what has been said before—let's "accept" the verse anyhow, because it has wonders of its own beyond the critical legalities. His

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own analyses of separate poems are expert and rewarding, more so than most of his excursions into the fiction. And, in spite of the reservations one may have about this study in relation to its goal, one must assure the newcomer to Lawrence that the book is a valuable guide, especially in its perhaps accidental reflections of the best which has already been thought and said on the subject.

**LAWRENCE ON WRITING:** With the publication of **"D. H. Lawrence: Selected Literary Criticism"** edited by Anthony Beal (Viking, $5) we have available enough of his critical writing to judge and enjoy it. Its main fault, as it can be seen cutting through so much in this volume, is his obsession with the animal in man; and even if one accepts this doctrine, one tires of his hammering at it so dogmatically and repetitively.

Lawrence's best-known essay "Pornography and Obscenity," reprinted here, persuades at first, but ends by overselling its message. The virtues are, of course, greater: his incisive probing to get at the essence of a book or a writer, the pungent language, and the sheer vitality of his mind.

Mr. Beal's job as editor is admirable. His introduction is brief and informative and does not sharpen any axe of his own. We first have some of Lawrence's autobiographical pieces, then pieces about modern "puritanism," criticism of verse (which shows him at his funniest), then critiques of English contemporaries, and finally of Continental and American writers. In this last group there are extracts from "Studies in Classic American Literature." As a selection the book's value lies in its rescuing some of Lawrence's writings from forgotten

(*Continued on page 29*)

*—From "Women Are Wonderful" (Houghton Mifflin).*

***Clara:*** **"He is so obstinate."** ***Maude:*** **"In what way?"** ***Clara:*** **It's the hardest thing in the world to convince him that I'm always right."**

**THE DISTAFF SIDE**

# The Yankee She

***"The American Woman," by Eric John Dingwall** (Rinehart. 309 pp. $4.50), is a "historical study" by a British anthropologist. Philip Wylie, our reviewer, studied the American phenomenon known as Momism in "A Generation of Vipers."*

By Philip Wylie

THE blurb on the jacket of Eric John Dingwall's "The American Woman" reads as follows:

"More enlightening than any previous attempt to spotlight mom and diagnose the American sexual neurosis." It's signed "Philip Wylie." I will stand by the statement—which was not, however, my whole opinion—formed after reading the English edition.

I gave Dr. Dingwall, the well-known British anthropologist and author, those high marks for tracing the evolution of our sex attitudes. His analysis of the values of Puritanism *for Puritans*—which have been discarded as obsolete—and of our retention of what he calls the "husk" of Puritanism—is very revealing. He shows how the nineteenth century next reduced to unrealistic absurdity a concept of "purity" held by a folk far more tolerant and earthy than they are now imagined to have been. The same century produced scientific information which outmoded Puritan philosophy; it could and should, Dr. Dingwall implies, also have outmoded current concepts of sexual "morality."

Instead, something we Americans call Victorianism (which was here more pernicious and prissy than the toxic pretense of innocence of the Queen's subjects) put woman on a pedestal, taught her to swoon before mice, sanctified motherhood, and further ensaccharined the ladies by proclaiming males beasts. Paradoxically, woman thereupon began her struggle for "independence" and "equality." At the same time, too, the industrialization of thitherto agricultural nations brought into view the possibility of furnishing Everyman with luxuries and leisure previously reserved for royalty and the rich.

American men rushed into that technological rat race with near unanimity. "Business" became their love; they swiftly defaulted the functions of fathers. They also virtually vanished as teachers of the young, and were replaced by females. Generations of American males have since been reared without direct and constant relationships, through childhood and youth, with adult males.

Finally, in our era, these contradictions and defaults produced a womanhood whose freedom, though real, was vengefully expressed by a tyranny over men. For men have not only abandoned woman for "business" but men now exploit female physical sexuality (within certain rabid limits retained from Cotton Mather) as a means to create marketable "entertainment" in all media, and as a means to sell goods, via all media. Americans are thus, Dingwall says, sexually the most self-titillated, self-stimulated, yet self-inhibited and antisexual people on earth. The liberated ladies are sore because—so to speak—the males are mere machine-age mannikins, desexed sex salesmen—and, even more horrible, because American men are afraid of women as men have never been, anywhere, before.

All lamentable; all too true! Dr. Dingwall might have added that the concerns which give males dignity, integrity, authority, and true appeal—concerns of intellect, art, music, letters, scholarship, personal independence, and colorful individuation—are today generally regarded in the

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USA as egg-headed and sissy. The American avalanche of anti-intellectualism only discloses, however, that the males who compose it have lost sight of the meaning of masculinity itself. No wonder their disappointed opposite numbers, though they share equally in the cause, are aghast, outraged, rebellious, or vengeful over the result.

A second reading of this book, in its much-edited American version, is less exhilarating than the first. Its author has already been criticized by fellow anthropologists for his use, as reference material, not only of sedate and classic authority, but of our tabloid and pulp press, of utterances of Dorothy Dix and the like. I hold here, somewhat, against his critics. For if the same anthropologists were examining a primitive culture, instead of the American, they would eagerly collect and collate just such material, equating the effect of cha-cha-cha with that of quantum mechanics at the least.

But Dr. Dingwall remains a conclusion-jumper of stupefying poor aim at times. His assumption, for instance, that the so-called "athletic supporter" and kindred garments were foisted on American males by women to "feminize" them by quasi-castration, establishes a new high in pseudo-Freudian abstract. Somebody should have told him that the boys developed the garments themselves to lessen the trauma of rough sports.

There are, besides, numerous undertones in the survey which make it unmistakable that the author has certain neuroses of his own and that Englishmen may not be entitled to so superior a view of male inferiorities hereabouts. Still and all, the overdocumented and sometimes slovenly composition is well worth a reading—by those whose icons can take it. For who will deny that every other movie, billboard, TV show, and magazine romance uses wanton beauty to invite us timid males to fornication—while the pulpit, police, and the very armed forces stand by to stop us if we really try? Who among men can show he is unafraid of woman yet loves her? What woman deeply respects American manhood in the aggregate? And what kind of Way of Life is *that*?

# The Elusive Eve

***"The Three Faces of Eve," by Corbett H. Thigpen, M.D. and Hervey M. Cleckley, M.D.*** *(McGraw-Hill. 308 pp. $4.50), is a psychiatrists' study of a woman who developed three distinct personalities. Ashley Montagu, anthropologist and critic, reviews it.*

By Ashley Montagu

WHAT is the self, the ego? How does the self come into being? How does the self function? These are questions to which many brave thinkers have attempted tentative answers, but something of the difficulty of the subject may be gathered from the fact that at this late date there are no scientifically satisfactory answers to any of these questions. Theories there are as numerous as the leaves in Vallombrosa. In error most of them may well be, but let us hope that they may have some heuristic value. Is it not true that the history of science could be written in terms of the history of fruitful error?

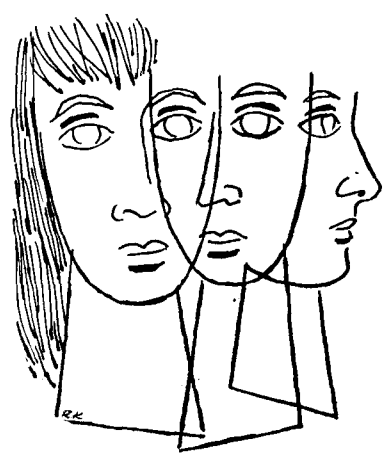
In "The Three Faces of Eve," Dr. Corbett H. Thigpen and Dr. Hervey M. Cleckley have some telling and gently stated criticisms to make of certain aspects of psychoanalytic interpretation. Such criticism they make, as it were, in passing, for the main purpose of their book is to report an extraordinary case of multiple personality which came under their psychiatric care. It may at once be said that the book which Drs. Thigpen and Cleckley have written, giving an account of the three selves of Eve White, will establish itself as a classic in the literature of psychology.

This astonishing case is rather more carefully and interestingly reported and throws a great deal more light upon the nature of the self than most studies which have been devoted to the analysis of that elusive entity.

The story of Eve White's triple personality reads quite as absorbingly as Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," thanks to the skill with which Drs. Thigpen and Cleckley have told it—a fact not altogether surprising since Dr. Cleckley is also the author of one of the most important and literate books in the history of American psychiatry, namely "The Mask of Sanity," by far the best study of the psychopathic personality in existence.

Eve White, young, married, and the mother of a small daughter, was a likable, rather quiet, almost saintly person who was completely unaware of the existence of her alternate self, Eve Black. Eve Black was a shallow, vulgar, high-spirited, irresponsible, rock-n'-roll character disdainfully and disapprovingly aware of Eve White. The third self was Jane, a mature, wise, well-balanced, and compassionate woman recently emerged and sympathetically conscious of Eve White and Eve Black, but of whom the two Eves were unaware. Jane regarded herself as having been born during the period of psychiatric treatment. Which was the real, the principal self of this young woman? Was it the "proper" one of Eve White or the "improper" one of Eve Black? And was Jane the emergent or the product of the two?

Eve Black seriously threatened the dominance of Eve White, and had "she" taken over would she rightly have been regarded as the "real" self of Eve? What was the real self of the patient? Most human beings during the course of a lifetime may be seen trying on various selves as they do clothes, and wearing them only too frequently as obvious misfits. What is a person's proper fitting self—if there is such a thing? Is it the fitting of the self to its proper sphere? What is the proper sphere of the self? "This above all: to thine own self be true." Pretty difficult advice to follow when you are not sure of your own self, and difficult enough when you are, but with several selves to contend with it would seem virtually impossible. Eve White was split in two, for Jane was really working for her, and, indeed, Jane represented the evidence that Eve White was likely to emerge a somewhat enriched personality from the struggle between her varying selves. Thanks to the skill with which Drs. Thigpen and Cleckley guided her through the tortuous labyrinth of her unconscious mind, Eve White happily achieved such an advantaged self.



*—Jacket design for "The Three Faces of Eve."*

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# The World Next Door

THE CANADIANS were the ones who suggested it.

They thought the story could never be told often enough or widely enough. They said they perhaps should tell it—or the Mexicans could—but that it should be told over and over, everywhere.

It was an informal luncheon at which a group of Canadian business executives and Government officials had sat down with some American colleagues to discuss the changing patterns of tourism between the United States and Canada.

Alan Field, director of tourism for Canada, was there, because Canadian tourists spend more than $400 million abroad each year, mostly in the United States. U.S. tourists spend some $300 million a year in Canada. This is important to both economies, and is so regarded in Washington as well as Ottawa.

But even more significant is the fact that more than 30 million Canadians and Americans move freely back and forth each year across an open and undefended border in an otherwise troubled, prickly world. The border is administered to admit neighbors rather than separate them.

It was while commenting on this phenomenon that John W. Fisher, executive director of the Canadian Tourist Association, said:

"There is a story in this that I don't believe is talked about enough. We are a small country living next door to a colossus, but we are not afraid. This is a simple fact, but I think it is unique. Where in the world today can you find a border in which a great, powerful nation lives next door to a small nation and the small nation is not worried and fearful, is not subjected to either economic or political pressure? In the Middle East? Far East? Eastern Europe? Where? I don't know.

"We have differences with the United States, and Canada, like any small brother, is not always polite or cooperative. But neither fear nor coercion is part of this relationship.

"When the United States is being charged in parts of the world with imperialistic ambitions this story is a towering rebuttal. It should be told in India and Indonesia, Egypt and Russia, China and Poland, and throughout Africa. Perhaps — and properly—you in the United States can't tell this story, but we in Canada can and should. Perhaps we have been remiss. We should tell it everywhere we can. We should have our people tell it when they travel to other countries."

It seemed natural for such a discussion to arise at a meeting of executives and officials concerned with international tourism, for that is what travel is chiefly about—people meeting people, and getting to know each other.

The curious thing is how curious people are about each other. The season is again dawning when the American tourist, like the migratory bird, begins to stir in the midst of his wintry routine and to make plans to visit other parts of the globe.

Despite international political crises, fluctuations in the stock market, and worried talk about deflation out of Washington, the tourists are going ahead with sturdy good sense to prepare to see this exciting world at first hand. This issue of *The Saturday Review* reports elsewhere in detail the rush now gathering momentum in the offices of travel agents, air and sea carriers, and tour and car-rental operators as the travelers get ready to go abroad.

This phenomenon is at the heart of the huge "People to People" program of international friendship sponsored by President Eisenhower.

At a White House conference to discuss ways for building a massive network of communication between Americans and the citizens of other lands—to establish lasting two-way relationships from which international friendships and understanding can grow—President Eisenhower told an audience of leading citizens:

"Today we have this problem: that of creating understanding between peoples . . .

"I am talking about the exchange of professors and students and executives, the providing of technical assistance and the ordinary traveler abroad. I am thinking about doctors helping the conquering of disease.

"In this way, I believe, is the truest path to peace."

In his letter of invitation to the conference the President said:

"If our American ideology is eventually to win out in the great struggle being waged between opposing ways of life, it must have the active support of thousands of independent private groups and institutions and millions of individual Americans acting through person-to-person communication in foreign lands."

That is what tourism is about. That is why the tourist really decides to go abroad despite political crises and deflationary alarums. The tourist knows that the whole world is just next door, and that that is too close to live these days without some friendly knowledge of your neighbors.

That is what President Eisenhower was talking about with his emphasis on "the ordinary traveler," an emphasis he has stressed on many occasions. That is what our good neighbors, the Canadians, were talking about.

Our country, our Government, our people have a story to tell around the globe on both sides of every curtain there is. It is in harmony with President Eisenhower's basic and repeated assumption that "all people want peace" and "are laboring to better the lot of their children—as humans do the world over."

*The Saturday Review* wants to see this story told. Part and parcel of it is what Mr. Fisher was talking about. We hope that both the Canadian and American tourists—and our friends everywhere—will bear it in mind as they sally forth to all points of the compass this summer. —W. D. P.

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### CARELESS ORTHOGRAPHY

In "THE SEA DREAMER: A Definitive Biography of Joseph Conrad," by G. Jean-Aubry (reviewed in *SR* Feb. 9), there is hardly a Polish name or word without a deformation in spelling. Even the full name of Conrad, mentioned many times throughout the bibliographic appendix, appears with what is purported to be the Polish orthography of the name Joseph, but is given the impossible form of *Jósef* instead of *Józef*. No one expects the publishers to know Polish, yet they should have taken the obvious precaution of getting someone who knows the language to proofread a book on an outstanding Pole, which is being presented as his "definitive biography."

ALEXANDER JANTA.

Flushing, N. Y.

### "ARRIVERDERCI, ALLIGATORE"

MAY I AMPLIFY Oscar Hammerstein's enlightening article on "ASCAP vs. BMI" (*SR* Feb. 23) with four additional observations which are frightening when you stop to think about them? Regardless of Mr. Haverlin's defense, four facts stand out as irrefutable:

1. As a result of BMI's inability to obtain songs from professional writers and consequently relying on "country" songs, western, hillbilly, and rock 'n' roll songs written and recorded by amateurs all over the country, the public is being exposed to some of the most abominable tripe that has ever polluted the airwaves. Since BMI's powerful machine has now caused the "Hit Parade" to consist almost entirely of these strange noises, the public has gone on a sheet-music buying strike, and the big sales of sheet music have become extinct, despite the fact that sales of everything else are zooming. In other words, BMI can force these things on the air, but cannot force the piano-playing, discriminating music lovers to buy them.

2. It is impossible for worthy new talent to spring up while this bad music is in vogue. A budding new Sinatra, Tony Martin, or Dinah Shore hasn't a chance today—the disc jockeys are forced to follow the trend, and so the good newcomers are consigned to oblivion. The same applies to new composing talent. Another Richard Rodgers or Jerry Kern would not be able to get his songs recorded today.

3. We are now being advertised to all the world as a nation of illiterates with bad taste musically, and America's cultural advances have been set back fifty years in one fell swoop, thanks to BMI. This is because the two largest networks also own the two largest recording organizations with world-wide distribution. England is thus forced to take our recordings like "You Ain't Nothing But a Hound Dog" and even in Rome, "I'll See You Later, Alligator" is released as "Arriverderci, Alligatore!"

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"No, Vincent, I certainly *won't* take a picture of some sunflowers in payment for the rent."

4. The networks are foolishly jeopardizing their multi-billion dollar investments by forcing their musical shows (both TV and radio) to consist largely of this inferior material, because the big shows play what is on the "Hit Parade." Bad music, and not television, is killing off the radio industry. This is the main reason the public is now spending millions of dollars on LP records and playing their old favorites on record-players by the hour—they cannot get this good music on radio, and so the radio stations are dying for lack of listeners. The solution is so obvious, it is amazing the networks are blind to it.

SAM COSLOW.

New York, N.Y.

### "JEANNIE WITH THE L.B.H."

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II sounds a few sour notes. First, he credits BMI with power far beyond its province: ". . . department in which BMI predominates because it makes the records and controls the channels through which they are played."

And he stretches truth when he uses "BMI," "broadcasters," and "broadcast interests" interchangeably. Actually, the music played over radio and TV may be selected by many hands: the artist, the musical director, the orchestra leader, the disc jockey, listeners who write letters to Perry Como, "J.L. at Kelly's Tavern who asks me to play this one for Bright Eyes of the Bronx." Clients—those stone-eared Philistines who make the entire industry possible—have even been known to request something other than, "Jeannie with the L.B.H."

Mr. Hammerstein keens for the new songwriter: "If he is a member of ASCAP or some other association, he has every reason to feel out in the cold." Yet just four sentences later, he admits that 75-80 per cent of the music played is *not* BMI. Gosh, what does he want—all the business? That's where this whole thing started—can't ASCAP stand a little competition?

No mention is made of the monopoly, or trust, aspect of ASCAP's membership (as opposed to copyright) control. A successful composer like Mr. Hammerstein was a most welcomed member, of course. But how about those new writers for whom he now sympathizes? Many have found outlets for their work thanks to BMI and other independent associations—but their knuckles are still scarred from fruitless knocking at ASCAP'S door.

I've written no songs, work for neither network or publisher. But I am a listener. We listeners prefer to love the folks who write our songs, our Fosters, Berlins, Mercers, Carmichaels, Harts, Rodgers and Hammersteins. When one begins writing on two-edge subjects we feel obliged to like, or dislike, him according to his stand.

Tell me, did Mr. Hammerstein volunteer this piece? Or did the *SR* editors assign him this controversial task to take the heat off Ciardi? If the latter, I apologize to him and add, "Well done."

JOHN J. WILSON.

New York, N.Y.

### A VOTE FOR CAPTAIN

PERHAPS MISS FRANCES and her "Ding Dong School" (*SR* Feb. 9) partially owes a decline in popularity to "Captain Kangaroo," featured at the same hour. Captain Kangaroo and his sidekick, Mr. Greenjeans, are a rare combination of tenderness, intelligence, and whimsy. My children love the "Captain." So does their mother.

POLLY BROWN.

Coconut Grove, Fla.

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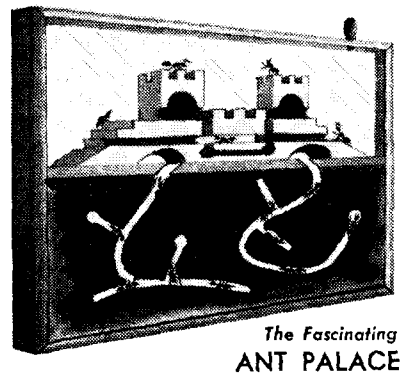

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## BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

# "Kicks" vs. Kids—A Draw

IN HIS first play, **"A Hole in the Head,"** Arnold Schulman begins with a fine objective: to explore the dilemma between man's need for adventure and his need for home and children. With admirable accuracy the thirty-two-year-old playwright draws Sidney, a lying irresponsible widower who "played around" while his beloved wife was still alive and whose only conventional virtue is a not utterly selfish affection for a ten-year-old son.

The play focuses on the question of whether this "forty-two-year-old child" will remarry for his son's sake or will continue to drift. The contest is surrounded by characters who have already made their choices: a sensuous good-time girl who has perhaps the greatest moral strength of all in that she recognizes outright her parasitic position in society and her obligation not to mess up the lives of others; Sidney's rich brother Max, who lives joylessly amid enforced domesticity at its most vulgar; Max's wife Sophie, whose cloying excess of sentiment is weighed against good-heartedness and human responsiveness; and finally a pretty and sensitive widow, whose loneliness and desperation have steeled her to accept almost any man who will confer on her wifehood and motherhood.

Having made this honest and intelligent selection of characters, Mr. Schulman writes a play that alternates between farce and naturalistic drama. As farce there are some excellent bits. The eccentricities of life in a Miami motel provide a few laughs; the arguments between Sidney and Max are healthy Jewish humor, a sort of updated Smith-and-Dale. But while out-and-out farce is a legitimate approach to a dramatic situation, it should not be weakened by being mixed with sober moments of naturalism. And even naturalistic drama owes the playgoer the service of catching the essence of daily living's dulness without being dull and petty itself. After an audience has done all the work of reliving the commonplace, "A Hole in the Head" leaves it with an ending that might well be followed by "Will Sidney marry Mrs. Rogers? Tune in tomorrow."

Garson Kanin expertly relieves the play's details with comic invention. Under his direction David Burns becomes a rip-roaring tintype of the "buried alive" businessman who expresses in one marvelous line the futility of trying to wed a sentimental nepotism to a hard-boiled capitalism. "Albert?" he queries. "In the house he's my son. In the store he's a tumor." You will laugh uncontrollably when this ingrown misanthrope shows his affection for young Alvin by giving the child's arm a painful twist. And he wrings a laugh out of a simple line like "He won't get married," by the perfectly timed gesture that accompanies it. Indeed, Max seems far and away the most interesting character in the play. As his wife, Kay Medford contributes the latest in a long string of amusing dialect portrayals. And Connie Sawyer, who does a hilarious bit of nonsense with a laughing-drunk pantomime, is sure-fire diversion.

With the more serious characters, Lee Grant as the lonely widow who realistically fights down the embarrassment of the present moment in order to achieve the permanent solution is the most compelling and memorable. Tommy White does a fine job in playing young Alvin, neither too precocious nor too charming despite many opportunities for cuteness. Joyce Van Patten extends the range of her talent to fill out the role of Sidney's voluptuous playmate.

Paul Douglas, the play's star, is somewhat disappointing as Sidney. While physically right for the part, and courageous enough to keep the character relatively unsympathetic, Mr. Douglas seems unable to resolve the conflicting pulls of humor and serious emotion. One feels that he would have been better off if he had steered in one direction. So perhaps would "A Hole in the Head."

IN THE field of musical productions, I can recommend **"Clown Face,"** now playing Saturday and Sunday matinees at Theatre East, as pleasant and effective children's entertainment despite its dubious moral that tears can move a nasty old witch into benevolence.

On the other hand, **"Ziegfeld Follies"** is unfit consumption for anyone. There are a few sporadic delights provided by Beatrice Lillie and dancers Harold Lang and Helen Wood, but these tend to dissolve in the submediocre material that surrounds them.

—HENRY HEWES.

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## SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

### CinemaScope Without Tears

EVER since the CinemaScope cameras came into existence a few years back, they have been used to lend pictorial embellishment to rather banal little love stories set against such photogenic backdrops as Rome, Paris, North Africa, or India. Invariably there has been some point in the picture when the director tossed away his script entirely and simply filled the screen with scenic views of the countryside. At such moments it became almost too clear that the whole point of the plot was the excuse it provided to spread forth these vistas of exotic and beautiful lands. In **"Lost Continent"** (Lopert), the first feature-length CinemaScope travel film, Count Leonardo Bonzi has very sensibly dropped all pretext. For Bonzi, the distinguished adventurer-explorer who made "Green Magic," is well aware of the special excitement and fascination of distant lands when photographed by skilled cameramen and sensitive film makers. In his earlier travelogue, a 7,800-mile trek across Brazil, he revealed an almost unique combination of scientific curiosity, poetic expression, and showmanship. In "Lost Continent," an anthropological exploration of the Malayan Archipelago, he adds to these qualities a rare instinct for composing gracefully within the ungainly shape imposed by the CinemaScope screen.

The result, as might be expected, goes far beyond the ordinary, or Fitzpatrick, realm of travel films. Its concern is never the merely picturesque, a superficial editing together of natural wonders and touristic trivia. Bonzi's primary interest is in the people of the fabulous world south of Hong Kong. And while John Gunther's commentary alludes rather glibly to their "new liberty," what the camera presents is essentially a record of rituals and life patterns that have endured for countless generations.

* * *

Supplementing "Lost Continent" on its cross-country openings is a charming half-hour fantasy from France titled **"The Red Balloon."** Directed by Albert Lamorisse, whose "White Mane" was shown on "Omnibus" a few weeks ago, the film repeats virtually the same story pattern. In "White Mane" a little boy makes friends with a horse, almost loses him to a band of hard-hearted ranchers and in the end leaps with the horse into the sea. In Lamorisse's latest film, the friendship is between a boy and a large balloon—and a lovely, animate, tender relationship it is. Against the blue-grey streets of Menilmontant, boy and balloon gain confidence in each other, play games together, and elude the pack of urchins who want to destroy the balloon. Eventually they succeed, however, and the death of the toy is made as painful and affecting as the wanton killing of a human being. One is tempted to read all sorts of meanings into this—the world's jealous destruction of fantasy and illusion, the end of childish innocence. But it can also be taken and enjoyed as simply the lovely image of a child's dream, an image whose special enchantment lies in its superb color shots of the streets, the shops, and crumbling tenement flats of Paris.

* * *

**"Stella"** (Joseph Burstyn) is the work of a young Greek director, Michael Cacoyannis, who has begun to attract considerable attention among European *cinéastes*. In this, his second film, he demonstrates that there is ample reason for their enthusiasm. "Stella" reveals the same harsh, uncompromising, unprettified sense of reality that distinguished the first outcroppings of Italian neo-realism, the same desire to search out life with the camera and throw it on the screen without apology or moral stricture. Its heroine, excitingly played by Melina Mercouri, is a singer in a cheap open-air nightclub, a girl who wants men, not marriage. Like Carmen, her appetites lead first to the destruction of her lovers and, ultimately, to her own death as well. All of this Cacoyannis has conveyed without any attempt to glamorize his heroine or to turn her into a conventional *femme fatale*. He thrusts his camera close to her strong, sensual face, and her passions are written nakedly upon it. So, too, is her torment when confronted with the death of a former lover, her conflict when the man she truly loves insists on shackling her in marriage. By setting his story almost entirely in the streets, the cafés, the markets, and the ugly tenement flats of working-class Athens Cacoyannis has given it an added dimension of reality, and an earthy folk quality by incorporating a considerable number of popular Greek songs and dances.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.


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## Bad Manners and Good Rules

A RASH of intemperate emotions seems to have afflicted the broadcasting business recently. In Chicago a station withdrew a film on the life of a religious leader, after announcing it, on the ground that an "emotional reaction" had occurred. An *ad hoc* committee then petitioned the Federal Communications Commission for action looking to the withdrawal of the station's franchise. In Washington a respected analyst of the news was prevented from saying his say. On the same evening another equally respected analyst, on the same network, said what the first one was going to say, in essence, and was, according to an undenied report, "rebuked." Obviously a lot of people are touchy about broadcasting and that, in itself a good thing, can become dangerous if basic principles are forgotten.

One of the commonplaces of criticism in this field is that the FCC is a stuffy, bureaucratic body not particularly concerned with high principles and laggard in enforcement of those it announces. In the field of public controversy, in all dealings with subjects on which there is diversity of opinion, the rules of the FCC are of great importance and, as it happens, they are good rules. Has a station the right to cancel a program because some people might be offended by it? Here is a ruling from the FCC:

> Any vigorous presentation of a point of view will of necessity annoy or offend at least some listeners. There may be a temptation, accordingly, for broadcasters to avoid as much as possible any discussion over their stations, and to limit their broadcasts to entertainment which offends no one. *To operate in this manner, obviously, is to thwart the effectiveness of broadcasting in a democracy.* (The FCC didn't supply italics—it hardly needed to.)

The FCC has moreover held that broadcasters cannot refuse to sell time for discussion of controversial issues. Such a refusal is, it holds, "inconsistent with the concept of public interest established . . . as the criterion of radio regulations." In this ruling—which says in effect that a station cannot censor what people want to say, the FCC banks on a decision of the Supreme Court: "Freedom of the press from government interference under the First Amendment does not sanction repression of that freedom by private interests."

Finally, the FCC holds that a station *is under compulsion:* "A station licensee has both the right *and the duty* to cancel such previously scheduled programs as may be necessary in order to clear time for broadcasts of programs in the public interest." (I was not aware of this ruling when I discussed the failure of the networks to carry the UN debates during the November Suez crisis.)

The FCC will not revoke the license of Station WGN for withdrawing the film on the life of Martin Luther and the action committee probably knows this as well as I do. Its appeal to the FCC is, nevertheless, useful, because timidity in broadcasters is a crime against the public and the FCC represents the public. It is the only body which can effectively tell a station to be bold as well as discreet. The leeway for individual judgment in all cases of dispute is ample, but when a station yields to "emotional reaction" (no organized church protested to the station) it ought to be held up to public scorn.

The case of the Columbia Broadcasting System against Eric Sevareid and Edward Murrow is of a different order, but of equal importance. The decision to keep Sevareid off the air was made by a news-editor; another one passed Murrow's script. Both opposed the State Department's position against free travel of American newsmen in China. Whatever rebuke Murrow received was based on the CBS principle that its news-analysts must not be special pleaders, must keep their own "opinions" out of their interpretations.

This is not the first time CBS has been caught in a semantic trap of its own making. During the war, when Cecil Brown resigned rather than take orders from Paul White (who was then head of the CBS news department he had done much to make brilliant), the company took a full-page ad to explain its position. But the ad only confused the issue because no line of demarcation between judgment, opinion, interpretation, analysis, and prejudice can be drawn. This time two of the most admirable news-analysts we know have been interfered with. Perhaps what's most needed is more thought on the subject and, for a time, less action.

—GILBERT SELDES.

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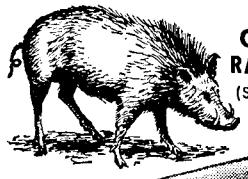
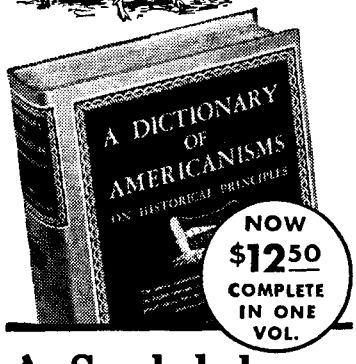

CAROLINA RACE HORSE
(See Page 917)

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# Writers and Writing

*Continued from page 22*

periodicals and in reminding us of the extent of his critical interests and intelligence. —ROBERT HALSBAND.

**A PLEA FOR THE OBVIOUS:** "Literature is not a game of charades." This is fair warning to the school of New Criticism, whose influence has spread beyong the little magazines and penetrated the big citadels of academic scholarship. And when the warning is uttered with the erudition and subtlety of Harry Levin it is not a philistine bias but a persuasive guide to better criticism. Professor Levin's lecture is entitled **"Symbolism And Fiction"** (University of Virginia Press, $2), and was delivered before a university seminar in contemporary literature. It is therefore pitched at a high level of allusiveness, yet its points emerge with force and wit. His opening example, Faulkner's powerful short story "The Bear," illustrates his main argument, and a wide range of other examples clarifies it further.

If ambiguity is the key to modern criticism, as he states, then critics must also observe that art oscillates between two poles, the symbolistic and the realistic. It may be true that things are seldom what they seem; but the critic can find more meaningful and substantial symbolisms if he first discovers the literal, obvious level of meaning in a story or poem. —R.H.

### FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 716

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 716 will be found in the next issue.*

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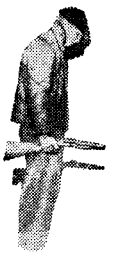

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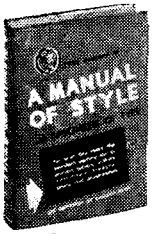


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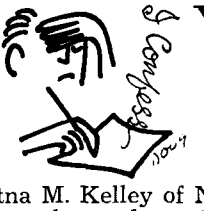
# Fiction

*Continued from page 19*

major and sometimes most obvious implications. He in turn is surrounded by a seraglio of middle-aged women, among whom he wanders like a forlorn eunuch. Most of them are ex-wives and former or aspiring mistresses of his immensely wealthy old father, who wishes he were the man he once was. Francis adds two younger ones to the picture in the persons of a Miss Meekmildness from the land of innocence (Iowa) and a brash, flamboyant sculptress from the land of psychoanalysis (Central Europe). The lives of these people impinge on each other at various watering-holes of the rich, and each time there is a little wearing-away, a grinding down of the personality from being used without the lubricant of love or the buffer of moral self-commitment.

The novel fails for various reasons. Many of the characters, though they are patchily described in seemingly acute psychological aperçus, are seen at the core to be too-familiar types—types that we have come to associate with fictional representation rather than with life. Francis, who is almost a nonparticipant in terms of crucial action, embodies not one, but several half-suggested mythic themes, at least one of which should have been worked out fully in action. Finally, the richness of Mr. Merrill's symbolic imagination (*i.e.*, his ability to visualize scenes or acts as symbolic commentaries upon one or another phase of his story) is spread before us in such disordered profusion that it obscures, rather than illuminates the underlying substance of what he is trying to say. There are brilliant scenes: Francis's ugly attempt to destroy that very part of himself which his father, in a hospital a few blocks away, would spend a fortune to preserve in his own worn-out carcass; the christening party at which the adults, in an embarrassingly self-conscious orgy, devour the candy babies which decorate the cake; a grotesque night at the opera. Such individual episodes dazzle us with their suggestive symbolic reverberations, but they are not sufficient to bring the whole work into sharp focus. Mr. Merrill's failure is that of an artist, not a hack. It is certainly not without its rewards.

—Jerome Stone.




# Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

## FAMOUS CONFESSIONS

Etna M. Kelley of New York City offers capsule accounts of literary characters who made various admissions of guilt. She asks you to identify these characters, with the titles and authors of the works in which they appear. Answers on page 63.

1. Shortly before his death this churchman of high rank reflected that if he had served God with "half the zeal" he had shown his earthly ruler he would not be deserted at this critical time.
2. This feathered creature admitted having slain another with a man-made weapon.
3. A beautiful but selfish and spoiled woman, after a disappointing end to an extramarital love affair, wrote her husband that she had been a fool and a "bad child" and bade him bend his Olympian head and permit her to rejoin him.
4. A youthful culprit claiming an incapacity to prevaricate admitted an act of vandalism on the family grounds.
5. Rendered mad with remorse for her crime this titled woman sought unsuccessfully to rid herself of her guilt by going through the motions of cleansing her hands.
6. A lovable giant with the mind of a child dimly realized that he had killed a young woman whom he meant only to caress, describing his actions with the words: "I done a bad thing."
7. Obeying a periodic compulsion, an old salt related the long and cruel retribution visited upon him for killing a bird of good omen.
8. A king heard with rising indignation a tale of wickedness and expressed the view that the transgressor should die, and then admitted his own guilt in having committed an equivalent crime.
9. At the altar and about to wed a young woman a proud and wealthy English gentleman is confronted with evidence of his previous marriage to a woman still living but insane; admitting his guilt, he induces the young woman to hear his story.
10. After noting her father's sorrowful reaction to a rebellious letter she wrote him this teenager characterized the letter as the worst thing she had ever done in her life.

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# Books For Young People

—"Fireworks for Windy Foot."

EACH YEAR we look forward to the announcement of the Newbery and Caldecott awards. On March 4 in the office of Frederic Melcher, president of R. R. Bowker Co. and donor of the awards, Mrs. Charlemae Rollins, children's librarian of the Chicago Public Library and, as vice-president of the Children's Library Association, chairman of the Awards committee, announced this year's winners. The Newbery Medal was given to Virginia Sorensen for her "Miracles on Maple Hill," illustrated by Beth and Joe Krush (Harcourt, Brace) and the Caldecott Medal to Marc Simont for his illustrations for "A Tree Is Nice," by Janice Udry (Harper). Runners-up for the Newbery Medal were "Old Yeller," by Fred Gipson (Harper), "House of Sixty Fathers," by Meindert De Jong (Harper), "Mr. Justice Holmes," by Clara Ingram Judson (Follett), "The Corn Grows Ripe," by Dorothy Rhoads (Viking), and "Black Fox of Lorne," by Marguerite De Angeli (Doubleday). Runners-up for the Caldecott Medal were "Mr. Penny's Race Horse," by Marie Hall Ets (Viking), "1 is One," by Tasha Tudor (Oxford), "Anatole," illustrated by Paul Galdone, written by Eve Titus (Whittlesey House), "Gillespie and the Guards," illustrated by James Daugherty, written by Benjamin Elkin (Viking), and "Lion," by William Pene DuBois (Viking).

Reviewers for this issue: Augusta Baker, Storytelling Specialist, Office of Children's Services, The New York Public Library; Ruth Gagliardo, Director, Traveling Exhibits, Kansas State Teachers Association; Elizabeth Nesbitt, Associate Dean, Library School, Carnegie Institute of Technology; Alice Lohrer, Assistant Professor, Library School, University of Illinois; and Elizabeth Williams, Supervisor, Library and Textbook Section, Los Angeles, Cal., Board of Education.—Frances Lander Spain, *Coordinator, Children's Services, The New York Public Library.*

**THE STORY OF THE "OLD COLONY" OF NEW PLYMOUTH.** *By Samuel Eliot Morison. Illustrated by Charles H. Overly. Knopf.* $3.50. With Mayflower II soon to sail again, "Old Colony of New Plymouth" by the distinguished historian Samuel Eliot Morison is most timely. Morison's style is so spirited, his presentation so refreshing that readers of twelve years and up will read his book with real enjoyment. Here are no "souped-up stories of fictionalized Pilgrims in plug hats." Instead the author pictures them as the stanch and lovable people careful research has shown them to be and he carries them through to 1692 when the colony was absorbed by Masschusetts. More history like this and it would be no chore at all to "read one good serious book of history every year" as Dorothy Canfield Fisher urged upon her listeners at a college commencement years ago. "If you don't," she added, "you won't be worth educating." [Editor's Note: This book was recently given the Thomas A. Edison award for the children's book of 1956 which best portrays America's past.] —Ruth Gagliardo.

**FAMOUS DANCERS.** *By Jane Muir. Illustrated with photographs. Dodd, Mead.* $3. The lives of eleven outstanding dancers are presented here in an informal, chatty style enlivened by many anecdotes. The book opens with Stockholm-born Taglioni, the first ballet dancer to go up on her toes, and closes with Maria Tallchief, the greatest living American ballerina, daughter of Alexander Joseph Tall Chief of Fairfax, Oklahoma. All but two of the eleven are ballet dancers, the exceptions being Isadora Duncan and Martha Graham. Especially valuable are the discussions of the contributions made to the dance by Duncan, Graham, and DeMille. The book is very well written, and is good ballet appreciation for the junior and senior high school student of the dance and indeed for all who love the art. —R. G.

**THE LITTLE ELEPHANT.** *By Arthur Gregor. Photographs by Ylla. Harper.* $2.50. On her ill-fated last trip to India in 1955, Ylla, one of the foremost photographers of animals in our time, made some remarkable studies of a baby elephant. These photographs have now been made into a charming sequence by Arthur Gregor, who tells the story of Japu the baby elephant. Japu dreamed he was asked to lead the King's parade. But Japu was little. Japu was not strong and great like his father who walked like a king in the King's parade. The photographs showing how Japu made his dream come true will enchant grown-ups as well as children, and animal lovers and photographers whatever their age. —R. G.

**THE HAPPY LION ROARS.** *By Louise Fatio. Pictures by Roger Duvoisin. Whittlesey House.* $2. The Happy Lion was sad and lonesome because he lived alone. One day a small traveling circus stopped by and the Happy Lion saw for the first time the Beautiful Lioness. Each was at once delighted with the other, and late in the night the Beautiful Lioness slipped away into the Happy Lion's house at the zoo. Such a to-do there was looking for the Beautiful Lioness, what a roaring when the keeper tried to take her away, and finally what joy when

—From "The Story of the 'Old Colony' of New Plymouth."

"No 'souped-up stories of fictionalized Pilgrims in plug hats.'"

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—*From "The First Book of the West Indies."*

**Underwater swimmers—"rhythm, color, and vibrant life."**

the Town Council made arrangements for her to stay! This third book continues, in easy text and humorous drawings in tawny browns and red, the story of the Happy Lion, already a beloved favorite of little children.

—F. L. S.

**ONE IS GOOD BUT TWO ARE BETTER.** *By Louis Slobodkin. Vanguard.* $2.50.

One can swing
Alone in the sun,
But you need two
To have more fun.

A fond grandfather, watching his twin grandsons share in their play, has undoubtedly been inspired to put his thoughts in verse and bright, colorful pictures. The result is a lively picture book which will delight the youngest child when he sees his own ideas and activities so well interpreted, for the very youngest knows that "one is good but two are better."

—Augusta Baker.

**DAVID'S LITTLE INDIAN.** *By Margaret Wise Brown. Illustrated by Remy Charlip. Scott.* $2.50. Written shortly before the author's death, this slight story for the youngest children reveals a sensitivity to a child's intense capacity for living each moment and for signalizing each day. A little boy finds an Indian, "no bigger than an ear of corn." Together, they grow up, in a world of their own, each day of their lives marked by a single wonder: the day of the first robin, the first trillium, the day of the tall, cool trees, of the white daisies, of the crystal tree, the day when the crocus bloomed. The illustrations in color reflect the book's sense of wonder.

—Elizabeth Nesbitt.

**FIREWORKS FOR WINDY FOOT.** *By Frances Frost. Illustrated by Lee Townsend. Whittlesey House.* $2.75. The Clarks are here again—Toby growing up and learning what it means to walk in someone else's shoes; Johnny still speaking in free verse but big enough now to be Yankee Doodle in the Fourth of July parade; Betsy, one sprained ankle and one broken arm but still going strong; Cliff, the hired man, and Mr. and Mrs. Clark, each kind as ever; and of course all the animals.

One of the most endearing things about the Windy Foot stories is their richness of detail. None of this holds up the action, but it is a deep sense of the country along with rich family living and affection that makes Miss Frost's stories such good reading for eight-to-twelve-year-olds and for family reading aloud.

—R. G.

**THE FIRST BOOK OF THE WEST INDIES.** *By Langston Hughes. Pictures by Robert Bruce. Watts.* $1.95. A well-known poet and writer, who knows the islands intimately, has written a lively, well-rounded introduction to the West Indies. He has caught the rhythm, color, and vibrant life which one finds throughout the Caribbean. There is history, geography, and legend within these few pages, along with the Trinidad Carnival and calypso. The end of the book has interesting botanical, biographical, and geographical charts. Robert Bruce has reflected the islands' spirit in two-colored illustrations.

—A. B.

**FOUR WAYS OF BEING HUMAN.** *By Gene Lisitzky. Illustrated by C. B. Falls. Viking.* $4.50. A brief review cannot do justice to this informed, humanly interesting, vigorously written introduction to anthropology. The author has selected four primitive tribes living in completely different lands and climates. By vivid description of their ways of life, she excitingly demonstrates the way humankind develops cultures to conquer and utilize environment. The book does more than this. It also reveals that the culture always adds something more than the merely necessary. "Every useful skill becomes the germ of an art or science." The attractive illustrations are a distinct addition to the book.

—E. N.

**MR. JUSTICE HOLMES.** *By Clara Ingram Judson. Illustrated by Robert Todd. Follett.* $3.50. Against a dramatic and eventful period of American history Clara Judson develops the character of Wendell Holmes with warm, human understanding and reality. From his carefree boyhood days in Boston, throughout his life at Harvard University and his military service, his interest in law grows and also his concern that the laws of the land were "out of step with the changing times." With the support and encouragement of his famous father the young Wendell becomes a lawyer, lecturer, author, professor, judge of the State Supreme Court and, finally, associate justice of the United States Supreme Court. His story reads like fiction and will fascinate boys and girls from sixth grade through junior high school.

—Elizabeth Williams.

**MYRTLE ALBERTINA'S SECRET.** *By Lillian Pohlmann. Illustrated by Erik Blegvad. Coward-McCann.* $2.50. In a California gold-mining town in the 1880s lived a little girl who was always told she could never keep a secret. This simple story for the beginning reader centers around a birthday secret she successfully kept. An element of suspense enters the story when a "high-grader" or gold thief is detected in the Red Dog mine and becomes involved with the keeping of the secret. The story is plausible and is told in a simple style for the average reader. Black-and-white sketches by Erik Blegvad highlight the costumes and scenes of early pioneer days in California.

—Alice Lohrer.

**MIRACLES ON MAPLE HILL.** *By Virginia Sorenson. Illustrated by Beth and Joe Krush. Harcourt Brace.* $2.95. There are books which are not distinguished in plot, character, or writing, but which nevertheless have a positive quality. This is such a book. For the ten-year-old Marly the miracles on Maple Hill are of two kinds. There is the miracle of the changing seasons in the country. There is the miracle of the mental and physical healing of her father, a former prisoner of war. The theme of the contentment of life based on essential rather than artificial standards has been used before, and sometimes with greater distinction. Nevertheless, sincerity gives this story merit.

—E. N.

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## MUSIC TO MY EARS

# Walter's "Magic Flute," Symphony By Kubik

IF THERE is anything musical New Yorkers have to be smug about these days, it is the opportunity provided first by the Philharmonic-Symphony and now by the Metropolitan Opera to participate in a large part of the work Bruno Walter has allotted himself for this winter. With the Philharmonic he completed two weeks of memorable effort with a Beethoven program for the Pension Fund (Dame Myra Hess as soloist) and at the Metropolitan he has resumed where he left off last season with the revived "Magic Flute."

It is something of an irony (for a musician of his refinement) that, in conducting Mozart at the Metropolitan, Walter has also been conducting a seminar in musical manners for bright young talents not yet of the maturity his standards merit. This was true of his "Figaro" performances in the early 1940s, when those of later repute were just learning how, and it is in certain crucial areas true in this "Magic Flute." Theodor Uppman is a dream Papageno if the work is going to be sung in English, as it is in this revival, and Jerome Hines a sonorous Sorastro (he managed his mostly static role despite the "inconvenience" of a fractured ankle).

But not even a Walter can make vital artists of those to whom nature denied the gift—which, in this cast, takes in the improved but still tentative Pamina of Lucine Amara (often beautiful in sound, but of no consistent color), the stilted Tamino of Brian Sullivan, and the pinpoint Queen of the Night of Laurel Hurley. With all credit for diligence—even to the extent of dislocating her normal production to fabricate the breadth of sound desirable for the dramatic aspects of the music—Miss Hurley may be said to have just squeaked through.

Nevertheless, Walter showed the equanimity born of long professional suffering by keeping his ear tuned to the Mozartian essence, his eye on the fundamental reason for his presence—the best possible results. There were numerous moments of true exaltation—the overture, many of the ensembles (especially those involving the finely matched trio of "boys" sung by Emilia Cundari, Rosalind Elias, and Margaret Roggero), the choral sequences and those involving Hines, the gay Papageno of Uppman, and the instrumental interludes of Act II, in which the solo flute sang with a more eloquent voice than the better-paid principals. This much was all in a high tradition of Mozartian devotion, for which Walter (and, inferentially, Rudolf Bing) may be thanked. Of course, if we had Maria Callas as the Queen of the Night, Richard Tucker as Tamino, and Hilde Gueden as Pamina—no unthinkable thoughts—this would have been a different opera, also a different opera house.

Mildred Allen, an Ohio-born soprano, made her debut as Papagena (the role vacated by Hurley). A small person, with a voice of like dimensions, Miss Allen qualified well in the action of the part. To say that she delivered more than a kind of flustered charm would be premature. The long list of subordinate parts were creditably performed by the wholly American cast, and the Harry Horner settings assert a durable practicality if not a penetrating sense of Mozartian fitness.

Last year's combination, for "Tosca," of Dimitri Mitropoulos, Renata Tebaldi, and Leonard Warren had a happy reunion at the end of February, with Jussi Bjoerling as Cavarodossi in place of Richard Tucker. Broadening acquaintance with Tebaldi's resources makes it clear that Tosca is one of her very best parts, suited to her in all the conventional elements it presents—good sound, ample figure, and by no means least recognizable temperament. It seemed to me that she has added nuance and subtlety to her first act since last year, preparing better for the tempestuous outburst of the second. This addition was complemented by the subtraction from Bjoerling of enough superfluous weight to give him a new dramatic profile, while sustaining the beauty of a voice which has now maintained its quality over a full twenty years' use.

Along with the others, Warren's Scarpia was accompanied by partisan demonstrations which threatened to make a Neapolitan holiday of Puccini's Roman drama, from one of those non-subscription gatherings which make their own rules of behavior. In the face of this Mitropoulos showed notable authority in turning full-faced to the audience applauding Tebaldi's entrance while continuing to direct the performance. The obvious inference that the audience would be deprived of what it paid to hear while the demonstrations went on was quickly understood. This way of controlling unwanted applause should serve as a valuable lesson to some of Mitropoulos's less resolute colleagues.

WITHIN the same week, Mitropoulos was busily concerned with a Philharmonic program in which Schubert's youthful, songful symphony No. 5 (in B flat) was juxtaposed with Gail Kubik's not-so-youthful, not-so-songful Symphony No. 3. There is no disposition here to belabor Kubik for not being Schubert. The obvious conclusion had to be, nevertheless, that Schubert's symphony, however loose-knit, contains nothing but music; while Kubik's, however expert, aims for an audience-pleasing finale and values any ingenuity above substance.

Kubik has earned more than a little esteem for scoring cartoons in the "Gerald McBoing Boing" series (which, I am sure, Schubert would enjoy) and such films as "The Desperate Hours." This is in no way prejudicial to sound results; though what Kubik has achieved in his Third Symphony is just that—sound, and not much else. He has a strong sense of orchestral combinations, a knack for putting his choirs and components together in a novel-sounding way, as in the finale with its high woodwinds and brass in a perpetual-movement rondo. The reflective slow movement, with its touches of Bartok, was also colorfully contrived. But the integration of thought, the continuity of style implied by the word "symphony" are in small supply. As well as directing the Schubert score energetically and the Kubik understandingly, Mitropoulos had the odd chore of conducting the orchestra in Beethoven's G major concerto for the second time in a week, with Rudolf Serkin as soloist. Previously it had been Walter and Hess.

ONE of Haydn's lesser but still great symphonies made an infrequent appearance in the week-end sequence directed by Max Rudolf with Erica Morini as violin soloist. It was the D major, No. 86, on which Rudolf lavished much thoughtful attention. The orchestra responded with a performance of care and sensitivity. Following Norman dello Joio's Hindemithian "Variations, Passacaglia, and Chaconne," Rudolf conducted a spirited accompaniment for Miss Morini's deft and expressive playing of Glazounoff's A minor Concerto. It all went well down to the final chord or two, in which downbeat and bow-stroke sounded at variance.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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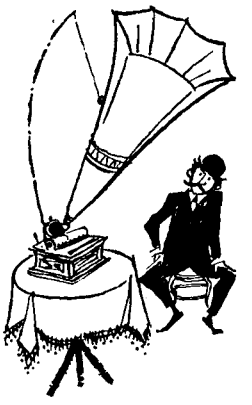
MID-MONTH RECORDINGS



# THE BOLDEN CYLINDER

By CHARLES EDWARD SMITH

THIS is a personal narrative, a collector's story, though not in the sense that you might think. It is true that I have collected jazz records. I have had hundreds of them at one time, sometimes thousands, the accretion of countless hours in smelly back rooms of second-hand shops, going through dusty, dirty piles of thick, thin, worn, warped, lateral and hill-and-dale, even old cylinder records. I have stood in the deserted, junk-choked passageway of the upper story of a warehouse, slabs of sunlight catching dust-motes that appeared to be thick as smog, staring in disbelief at bushel baskets crammed with records, King Oliver Gennetts and Dixieland Victors sticking out like nuggets amongst the pebbles of a stream bed, the only stake to this claim a cardboard sign, lopsided, scribbled in pencil—*1¢ Each.*

I am still such an avid collector that I feel, at times, like the rider of a hobby-horse that knows its own way to the feed-bag. That's the way I felt the first time I stood at the corner of Perdido and South Rampart, where the sign blew off the old Eagle Saloon one night long ago in a windstorm.

My hunt began in New York. I might as well admit, here at the start, that I was not actually looking for the Bolden cylinder. I was on the seemingly lost trail of possible surviving members of the Bolden band. Orin Blackstone, who was then night city editor of the *New Orleans Times-Picayune,* and Sid Bechet's brother Leonard had helped me to orient myself. So it wasn't by accident that I stood at a shabby street corner in a somewhat ordinary, down-at-the-heels neighborhood, and felt the chill of discovery biting my bones. I knew in advance that I'd be more likely to find old Bob Lyons, who once played string bass with Bolden, inside the Eagle Saloon instead of at his shoeshine stand nearby. The anthropologist, if he has a good *dig,* comes upon potsherds of the past. I came upon a toothless old man, sitting at a table, drooling over a stale glass of beer.

We had this in common with the anthropologist. I *dug* old Bob and he *dug* me. In words of his own mumbling, he wondered if the history of jazz was worth a couple of beers. I said it was a fair bargain and fetched the first instalment from the bar. Bob told me that Louis Armstrong's sister —who didn't like "The Saints" jazzed up, even by her brother—lived a couple of blocks away and that Willy Cornish, who had played valve trombone with Buddy Bolden, lived down Perdido Street. If I wanted to know about the early days of the Bolden band, Willy Cornish was the man to see. "That was before my time," said old Bob, and I didn't smile but walked over to the bar and got him a re-fill and a whiskey to help it down. "Tell them old Bob is fine," he shouted in his garbled voice as I went out the door.

Late in 1939 Willy Cornish lived in a small frame house in a dreary stretch of Perdido Street that had been reclaimed from a swamp and that looked, on a dreary drizzly day, as though it might return to it. In what passed for a front yard a dwarf palm canted crazily in the mud. As I picked reasonably dry spots on the path to the door I remembered that *perdido* in Spanish meant *lost.*

Willy Cornish was far from lost but he was certainly a forgotten man in jazz history which, it must be added in extenuation, was pretty fragmentary in those days. It had been assumed that when Bolden died some years before, in a state mental institution, no member of the *original* Bolden band remained alive. But Willy Cornish most definitely was, though old and ill. Slumped in a rocking chair, he seemed at times to doze off as though the mind tired quickly of probing the shadowy corridors. This impression was enhanced by the dim light, for the house had no gas or electricity (and only outdoor plumbing). This was the first interview he had granted, or that had been asked. So far as I know, it may have been the last.

When Willy Cornish put down his valve trombone and ceased to play professionally, it was to go off to the Spanish-American War. His volunteer stint with the Army became a career and he did not return to music, even though he had been a trained musician and the only note-reader in the Bolden group. He called his wife and she got out a box of mementoes. He showed me a photograph of the Bolden band, the one that appeared in "Jazzmen" and that has been reprinted countless times, usually with no mention of Willy Cornish, "Jazzmen," or myself. (He loaned it to me and I had a negative made from it.) Next he showed me a treasured citation, a souvenir of his army career, that praised him for his loyalty, exemplary behavior and bravery.

I learned more than anyone could have bargained for about the style and repertoire of the Bolden band, and turned it over to the writers of the chapter "New Orleans Music," save a few details I put aside for the section "Callin' Our Chillun Home." It happened that I had heard that particular story before, from Jelly Roll Morton, so that hearing it again made a strong impression—how Bolden would be out at Johnson Park and to attract the crowd would point his cornet in the direction of Lincoln Park. That, as Willy Cornish explained, was "Callin' Our Chillun Home"—home where the rags were played in brighter tempos, as stomps or joys, where the blues dragged and wailed, and where there was "jazz in brass" even before they called it that. Like the bands that wealthy plantation owners hired back in slavery days, the Bolden band played music for the quadrille and cakewalk, and played mazurkas and the polkas that were popular throughout the Southwest (and still are). Early jazzmen had borrowed a word from up the river—causing a lot of confusion amongst jazz historians later

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on—and called themselves "ragtime" bands. But what they played was not ragtime, which was primarily a keyboard music from banjo rags (as Rudi Blesh has so ably demonstrated in "They All Played Ragtime," Knopf).

At Antoine's, famous for its cuisine and its Creole Band, to say nothing of its crystal chandeliers, a man named George Bacquet played clarinet, reading from the sedate orchestrations that had been made from piano copies. Meanwhile the Bolden band played in joints like Nancy Hanks's—a real bona-fide barrelhouse, with barrels along the walls—where the men kept their hats on so that they wouldn't be stolen. They felt more at ease at Masonic or Longshoremen's Hall (though any place could be rough and tough, where life itself was that way). Sometimes after work Bacquet would join them. He would teach Cornish the melodies of the new rags or Cornish would learn them from sheet music. Being the only one in the group that could read music with any facility, he was the anchor man in more ways than one. The other influence on jazz had been a continuous one, that of brass bands in New Orleans.

I had reserved the question concerning possible recordings until almost the close of the interview. Not because it appeared hopeless, that word being merely a semantic roadblock to a serious researcher. No, the truth of the matter was that I wanted first of all to know about the band, how it played, what it played, where it played. Like other jazz followers I had accepted as probable the claim that the Original Dixieland "Jass" Band made the first jazz record [released in February, 1917] with some slight reservation, knowing that the recording of records and the genesis of jazz had occurred almost simultaneously, both having had their beginnings in the previous century. If there chanced to be a cylinder I decided that only a few of us could safely share the secret.

Well, as it turned out, there was and we did. The top-secret stuff didn't get us anywhere, but Thomas Alva Edison himself would be startled out of a year's eternal sleep if he knew the number of cylinder records rescued temporarily from oblivion in the process. No, we didn't find it, but it's there—or was—someplace. We were like so many "private eyes," trying to solve a problem that called for a police force. Now we'll see what the New Orleans Jazz Club, or any other public-spirited group, can do with it.

In the first place, Willy Cornish was sick but not senile. Other bits and pieces of his story were verified, not once but time after time, by various jazz veterans. Yet no one mentioned with any certainty the matter of recordings, even though there were record companies, as well as sheet music companies, in New Orleans in Buddy Bolden's time. This is not difficult to explain. There were no "race" record companies or if there were, no one with whom I talked had ever heard of them, and—as previously indicated—practically no one in New Orleans jazz was in touch with Willy Cornish. That, very simply, is the answer. No one knocked at Willy Cornish's door. No one asked him.

The facts are so meager that they would not be worthy of mention, were it not that this is the only information we have concerning the first record by a jazz band of the nineteenth century. Unless Cornish's memory was playing him false, and I rather doubt that, the record was more probably a march than a blues or stomp. For it was made by a "white" record company, to please a white friend of Cornish's whose family ran a grocery and butcher shop in New Orleans for many years. Cornish did not even recall the name of the record company but he remembered the session itself—who wouldn't remember playing a horn into a horn for the first time?

The Bolden cylinder was made in New Orleans between 1890 and 1898. It was probably a march but may have been titled "Novelty," and the chances are slim that the name Bolden appears on the cylinder, since the record was made at the suggestion of a friend of Cornish's and, moreover, Bolden's name would have meant nothing—the bands that played jazz were considered lowlife and vulgar (a product of barrelhouses, etc.; music is always getting blamed for the places it has to be in to make a living) and in this condemnation there was no discrimination as to race, creed or color. Lastly, the record company catered primarily to the "white" trade.

All of which makes it pretty hopeless. But this is to be borne in mind. All jazz musicians, whether playing

in jazz or in brass, have distinctive tones and sometimes even a vibrato is a dead giveaway. There are descriptions of Buddy's style and the use of the valve trombone which, if someone could spot it, would be a clue, also (probably) the use of two clarinets. There are also musicians who have heard Bolden many times, in dance halls and at parades and at funerals. There are even men still alive who played with the Bolden band at a later period than Cornish.

AS I was about to leave I said, "You're sure about that cylinder, aren't you?" He replied patiently that he should be, he'd helped make it and he'd heard it many times; a phonograph record by oneself (and a band) was something of a novelty in those days. He frowned in concentration. "I knew a man had a copy . . . his brother or some member of the family might have one." This turned out to be the German-American shopkeeper.

The shop had gone, the proprietor was dead, but I located the family through the phone book. I asked if I could stop by for a talk. Receiving an affirmative I boarded a streetcar—not one called *Desire*, though that would have been appropriate—and after a pleasant breezy ride on a miraculous spring day I found a neat, suburban home in a setting of lawn and shrubs. The woman of the house was courteous, even friendly.

Yes, she said, she remembered the cylinder phonograph. She described it. They'd given it away, at least that was her impression. I'd not only reached the end of the line; I'd missed the last trolley and would probably have to walk back. "Do you remember if there were records with it?"

"Of course, I remember. It was only a year or two back, when I was house-cleaning. They looked like dictaphone records. They were old and just sitting there, collecting dust. They went to the dump."

"One of them was the first jazz record," I said, but I was talking to myself.

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# P IS FOR PIANISTS

Barbara Carroll.

By WHITNEY BALLIETT

THE RECENT death of the incomparable Art Tatum was, in addition to being a sad, precipitate event, a kind of negative blessing. It was, in a sense, like rolling over an immense log and discovering a teeming life beneath. For, as long as he lived, most other jazz pianists seemed diminished by the heavy shadow he cast. They, in turn, tended to diminish him, of course, for they were, no matter how remotely, his imitators, and as such continually threatened to reduce him—to say nothing of themselves—to the commonplace. (Look at the sonnet, which has yet to recover from the companies of volunteer Elizabethan poets who poured from every English lane in pursuit of Sidney, Daniel, and Shakespeare.) In any event, one suddenly realizes that the vacuum left by Tatum's passing has already been voluminously filled—without too much of a squeeze—by the no less than seventy or more full-time modern jazz pianists who have, barring a few instances, recently been deemed worthy, both economically and artistically, of the relative permanence of their own LPs. A few, who have wealthy patrons, have been allowed as many as ten or twenty.

These pianists hail from England, Japan, Germany, Canada, Austria, France, South America, Sweden, and this country, and they range in age from their early twenties to their late thirties. They are, almost without exception, nimble, highly accomplished musicians who play with a chromelike aplomb, have degrees in music, and, like hearty bourgeois, brook no nonsense in their work. Their solos, in fact, often have the glinting, deceptive veneer of no-rub wax. Yet, it must have been hard work to attain their lack of individuality. For, one after the other, they have carefully dumped the ballast out of jazz piano without replacing it with anything of equal value. The left hand, once used as a kind of private rhythm section, has been replaced by vaguely rhythmical punctuations, which when audible at all, have a distant, subterranean flavor. And the right hand, once the purveyor of a variety of single-note phrases, tweedy chords, and intense rhythmic mixtures of the two, now unwinds spools of glistening single-note lines that have all the unhesitancy and none of the freshness of Bach. Gone, too, is the frank, bellying emotion of the older pianists which bulged unashamedly through in broad tremolos, blue notes, and a wonderful interdependence of rhythm and content.

Charlie Parker, the alto saxophonist, unwittingly invented modern jazz piano. His fervent, many-noted melodic lines, widened harmonies, and rangy heat have proved irresistible to modern pianists, who, it has often been pointed out, now "blow" rather than strike their instrument. Parker's first and readiest disciple was Bud Powell, a brilliant, erratic pupil who uses a consciously retired left hand (as opposed, among many of his juniors, to the helplessly retired left hand) and harsh, almost acidulous strings of seemingly illogical single-note figures. Thelonius Sphere Monk, whose name alone has a kind of Byzantine ring, has, by strictly tending his own garden, proved a kind of iconoclastic balance to Powell that has had a more introverted effect on his followers. He has small technique—or at least that is what he would have us think—and a marvelous, softly sarcastic way with dissonant chords and implied melodies. Preceding and, as it were, surrounding Powell and Monk is Mary Lou Williams, the great Pittsburgh pianist, whose many styles have been a series of substantiating but flattering mirrors for what has passed about her. Their first body of students, most of them excellent, emerged toward the end of the Forties, and included Al Haig, Duke Jordon, Oscar Peterson, Lennie Tristano, George Shearing, George Wallington, Arnold Ross, and Dodo Marmarosa.

A second and, in the main, younger group of students can be divided into four categories. The first are the Chrome Eaters. The present leader, Hampton Hawes, is a California-oriented pianist who has an urgent, metallic garrulity that bristles with arpeggios, a pounding, nervous rhythm, and a kind of snaky emotion. Somewhere near Hawes is Phineas Newborn, a pianist of stunning technique and fluidity, qualities which have, so far, overpowered all else in his work. Elsewhere there are Pete Jolly, who has some of the same difficulties as Newborn, Paul Bley, Jutta Hipp, Toshiko, Claude Williamson, Lou Levy, Elmo Hope, Alex Kallao, Kenny Drew, Bernard Peiffer, and Marty Paich. There is, all in all, a tough, encoiling wiriness in the playing of these pianists, all of whom hail directly from Powell, that unnerves rather than excites, and, in the end, is deflected rather than absorbed.

A tangential school, which descends partly from Powell, and more importantly, from Thelonius Monk, is that of the Funky Umpahs. These pianists are, in a way, mugwumps; they would preserve the various innovations of modern jazz piano—its broadened harmonies, its precociousness, its obliquity—while trying to recapture through an almost dixielandish use of the left hand and earth-like chords in the right some of the zest of Hines and Waller. The best of them is Horace Silver, a laconic, sometimes repetitive craftsman who seems at times only to shift verbs and nouns around to avoid plagiarizing himself. Among his colleagues are Russ Freeman, John Williams, who is often so knobby that he is all rhythm and no melody, Randy Weston, and, some of the time, Dick Katz.

The Radicals form a third school. They are, in the main, eccentrics like Herbie Nichols, who has a fascinating, Ives-like elbowiness, or Dave Brubeck, who incorporates into his excursions some of the balding romanticism found in poor Hudson River School landscapes of monstrous elms, ethereal cows, and sunlight as palpable as white bread. There are, too, such as Jimmy Jones, who wanders arhythmically around for whole choruses within gentle, broad, and subtle chords; Don Shirley, who imposes

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## THE RELAXED HORN OF MILES DAVIS

One of the brightest lights on the modern jazz scene, and unofficial headmaster of the new school of relaxed trumpet playing, is 30-year-old Miles Davis. The Davis tone is soft, rich, intimate in its breathy warmth. He seldom goes in for frantic effects. His style is an almost paradoxical blend of outward relaxation and inner, emotional tension. Davis, whose sound reminds old-time fans of the great Joe Smith, served his apprenticeship with Dizzy Gillespie; learned the ground rules of harmony at the Juilliard School and figured as one of Charlie Parker's henchmen on 52nd Street, just before the strip-teasers took over. In 1955 he organized the phenomenally popular Miles Davis Quintet, which makes its Columbia debut this month.

**ROUND ABOUT MIDNIGHT:** The Miles Davis Quintet. CL 949 $3.98

## MR. BIGGS CONTINUES HIS TRAVELS

This past summer, organist E. Power Biggs made a project of performing and recording the little known organ music of Spain and Portugal on the centuries-old instruments found in those countries. Mr. Biggs, who goes about his profession in a very scholarly manner, insists that organ music should be played on the instruments for which it was written . . . in this case the Iberian organs, whose Trompeta Real (external trumpet stops, in fan-like array) are spectacular to eye and ear alike. This adventure in sound is the fourth in a series which includes "The Art of the Organ" and "A Mozart Organ Tour."

**ORGAN MUSIC OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL:** E. Power Biggs. KL 5167 $5.98

## HAPPY HOLLIDAY

There is a school of thought which holds that Judy Holliday could make even Lady Macbeth a lovable, ingratiating character. In fact, if she ever undertakes the part, we intend to see every performance for a week solid. In the meantime, however, Miss Holliday is illuminating a breezy musical called "Bells Are Ringing," and the glow she puts forth is visible for miles at sea. Judy, in case you haven't heard, plays a switchboard operator for a telephone answering service, who is secretly in love with a subscriber she has never seen. She sings in a voice with a power and range that will surprise those who know only her dramatic roles. With a sure comic touch, she builds her part into a touching, heart-warming individual . . . a happy achievement that is just as evident in this recording as it is on stage at the Shubert Theatre.

**BELLS ARE RINGING:** The original Broadway cast. OL 5170 Specially priced for a limited time only.

## OUR FAIR LADY

The SRO sign has been up at the Mark Hellinger Theatre for exactly one year, and unless the management decides to move "My Fair Lady" over to Madison Square Garden, the Polo Grounds or the Colosseum in Rome, it looks as if the sign will stay there permanently. Meanwhile, for the 168,000,000 Americans who still haven't seen it, there's consolation in this original cast recording . . . a joyous experience in itself!

**MY FAIR LADY:** The original Broadway cast. OL 5090 Specially priced for a limited time only.

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# Recordings Reports: Jazz on LPs

| PERFORMER, CONTENTS, DATA | REPORT |
|---|---|
| Swing Goes Dixie. American Recording Society G 420, $3.98.<br><br>The Urbane Jazz of Roy Eldridge and Benny Carter. American Recording Society G 413, $3.98. | The first of these records belongs in approach and content to the late Thirties. It is not, as the title implies, dixieland, but rather is that unlabelled sort of jazz—loose, improvised ensembles bracketing a string of solos—that was (and is) not as mannered or dry as dixieland or as structured and tight as the best New Orleans jazz. On hand are R. Eldridge, E. Barefield, Benny Morton, Dick Wellstood, W. Page, and Jo Jones. There are eight dixieland standards, played with a kind of middle-aged wildness that is, when it doesn't burst its buttons, exciting and refreshing. Eldridge is majestic on "Ja Da," and Jones is as driving and unchecked all through as he has ever been on records. The second record features Eldridge with Benny Carter, B. MacDonald, J. Simmons and A. Stoller on five numbers and Eldridge and Stoller alone on two. On the whole, these are gentle duets between the horns, which are in excellent form. The most impressive side is a slow blues kicked along by the type of afterbeat Sid Catlett used so effectively. Recommended. |
| Encyclopedia of Jazz on Records. Decca DXF-140, $11.92. | An uneven and rather desolate set of forty-eight reissues from Decca, compiled by Leonard Feather as a history of jazz and as a companion to his "Encyclopedia of Jazz" and "Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz." There is, for example, a King Oliver, "Aunt Hagar's Blues," recorded in 1928, on which Oliver does not solo (Ed Anderson does); an average Chick Webb, "Sing Me A Swing Song," with Ella Fitzgerald, reveals none of the power and individuality of the band or of such of its soloists as Sandy Williams and Taft Jordon; Bob Crosby's ubiquitous "South Rampart Street Parade" might well have been replaced by a rarer item, "Chain Gang"; "Roseland Shufflle" is an interesting early Basie, but "Lady Be Good," is even more so; Roy Eldridge is represented by a good 1943 side, "The Gasser," but one of his best records, and one of the great jazz records, is "Swingin' on the Famous Door"; John Kirby's "From A Flat to C" is a rather gimmicky record that falls below "Undecided"; the Louis Armstrong selection, "When the Saints," recorded at a concert in 1955, would easily have been matched by many of the big and small band sides he made for Decca in the late Thirties; and, finally, in addition to a rather weak selection of modern materials (the fault of the Decca catalogue), there is nothing from Benny Carter or Jabbo Smith, while there are a Dorsey Brothers, a weak Artie Shaw, and a dull Stan Kenton. To be sure, things are livened up here and there by J. Dodds' "Wild Man Blues," with Armstrong, Ellington's "East St. Louis Toddle-O," J. McShann's "Sepian Bounce," with some 1942 Charlie Parker, and Art Tatum and Joe Turner's classic, "Wee Baby Blues." |
| New Jazz Conceptions: Bill Evans. Riverside RLP 12-223, $4.98. | Evans is a twenty-eight-year-old pianist from New Jersey, and this is a fairly impressive recording debut. He has a competent technique (that is marred, however, by a careless touch and no sense of dynamics), a ready flow of ideas that moves along in Tristano-Powell-Silver channels, and fortunately, far less brittleness than is the mark of many modern pianists. He is at his best here on a long, slow blues, in addition to which there are seven standards, and three originals. On all but three sides he is accompanied by T. Kotick and Paul Motian, a Roach-inclined drummer who has considerable power and little taste. The now fairly common practice among drummers of double-timing accompaniment on a slow tempo, which Motian does here on the blues, is distracting, and gives a nervous air to what otherwise might have flowed like wine. |
| The Most Happy Piano: Errol Garner. Columbia CL 939, $3.98.<br><br>He's Here! He's Gone! He's Garner! Columbia CL 2606, $1.98. | What is there left to say about Garner? These two records (the second is a ten-inch) are taken from a recent session and they include, in all, fourteen numbers, three of them Garner originals, one a blues, and the rest standards. All of Garner's wit, emotion, drive, and invention are here as infectiously as ever. Al Hall and Specs Powell provide admirable support. There is an eight-minute "Man I Love" on the second record which is worth the price of both sets. |
| Lionel Hampton All-Star Groups. Jazztone J 1246, $2.98. | This is one record of about ten that have recently been issued together by the revamped Jazztone Society. The twelve sides have been taken from some of the best of the Lionel Hampton 1938-40 Victors, and include such as "My Buddy" and "Dinah," "Big Wig in the Wigwam," and "When Lights are Low." The sound, unlike Victor's own reissues, is fine. |
| This is How I Feel About Jazz: Quincy Jones. ABC-Paramount ABC-149, $3.98. | A relaxed demonstration of the talents of Quincy Jones, who is one of the most original of the younger arranger-composers. There are three standards and three Jones originals, and three different groups—a big band, a nonet, and a tentet. Many of the same men appear in all three, and some are A. Farmer, L. Thompson, H. Jones, P. Woods, C. Persip, U. Green, J. Cleveland, M. Jackson, and C. Mingus. Jones has a way of making both big and small units sound compact, light, and direct, and his section writing is full of rich harmony and varied, quiet textures. The solos, within such enlivening frameworks, are uniformly excellent, with Thompson, Jones, and Farmer outstanding. Highly recommended. |
| Metronome All Stars 1956. Clef MG C-743, $3.98. | The newest addition to the sometimes valuable Metronome all-star series features, on one side, a twenty-one minute "Billie's Bounce," with solos by A. Blakey, C. Mingus, B. Taylor, T. Farlow, Z. Sims, A. Cohn, S. Chaloff, T. Scott, T. Charles, Thad Jones, and L. Konitz. The reverse has four sides by the Basie band, on three of which Ella Fitzgerald and Joe Williams spar for room, and an aimlessly pleasant George Wallington piano solo. Boring. |
| The Kid From Denver: Paul Quinichette. Dawn DLP-1109, $3.98. | Quinichette, a tenor saxophonist in his thirties, whose style lies somewhere between those of L. Young and H. Evans, is accompanied here by Thad Jones, R. Jones, J. Newman, H. Coker, B. Graham, N. Pierce, F. Green, E. Jones, and Sonny Payne. The results are one of the most satisfying records of the year. There are three standards and five originals by Ernie Wilkins and Manny Albam, who, with Quinichette, have also done the arrangements. These give the soloists good jumping off points, underline them, and in general break up the monotony of endless solos sandwiched between unison ensembles that makes up so much small-band modern jazz. Thad Jones, Newman, Coker and Pierce are excellent, as is Sonny Payne, who reveals himself—here, at least—as a skilled and tasteful drummer. The recording is quite possibly the best ever given a jazz record. Essential. —W.B. |

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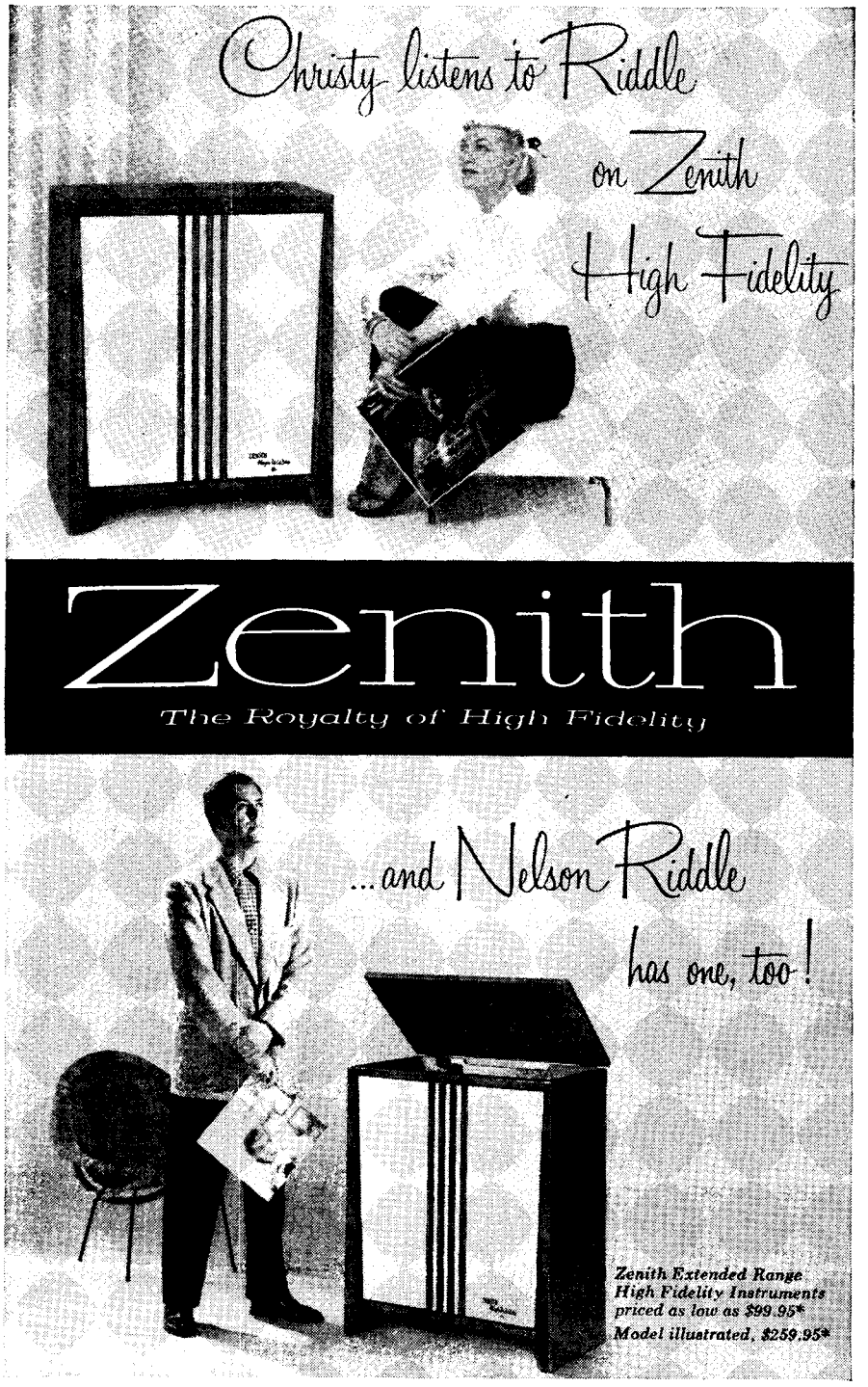
classical devices on uncertain jazz underpinnings; and John Mehegan, whose pedagogic experiments with Back-like grounds and lines have more of the scoutmaster than the improviser in them.

The fourth and final group, which is the newest and smallest, are the Visitors. So far, it has just two members—Enrico Villegas, an Argentinian classical pianist who has an enthusiastic but awry approach to jazz and Friedrich Gulda, the great Austrian concert pianist who has, to date, revealed a promising appreciation of jazz feeling and technique.

Outside these four seminars, however, is a small band of pianists whose pure, minor, and often poetic voices have largely been blotted out by the rhinestones and clatter around them. They are slightly older musicians who know the work of Morton, Hines, Johnson, Tatum and Teddy Wilson. In addition, they respect such old-school matters as taste, dynamics, touch, and exactness. At their head is John Lewis, who, like Monk and Clyde Hart, has a hesitant, simple style that employs few notes, a round touch, and a highly eloquent sense of musical structure. Hank Jones, who also has the ping-pong ball touch, is, in his quiet, intricate way, possibly the most inventive and personal improvisational pianist now at work in jazz. Billy Taylor is much like Jones, particularly in slow tempos, and if he has a fault, it is an overdeveloped set of manners that occasionally lends his work a butteriness and suavity that lull rather than stimulate. The remarkable Eddie Costa favors the lower registers of his instrument where he constructs big thunderheads of sound out of chunky black chords and hot, thoughtful single-note lines. His left hand is used for sharp, generous offbeats that give his whole style, at up tempos, a fast, ingratiating rock. Barbara Carroll, on the other hand, resembles Lewis, Jones, and Taylor, for she has a light, precise touch, an obvious knowledge of her forbears, and an imagination that enables her to construct solos that are at once chaste, moving, and wholly original. Much of the same is true of Jimmie Rowles, a Basie-like practitioner, whose neatness, spareness, and taciturnity give one the impression that he cases each note before using it.

These pianists are, in a way, second raters. They do not have the swagger and brilliance of Tatum or Powell. Nor are they imitators. They are, in their fashion, inspired, honest miniaturists who have mixed the good from the giants in with their own small perfections. As a result, they are, like mice in the corn, fattening their art.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# JAZZ IN GREAT BRITAIN

By ALBERT J. McCARTHY, *editor of the English* Jazz Monthly.

BRITAIN has yet to produce a creative jazz performer of the stature of, say, the late Django Reinhardt in France or Lars Gullin in Sweden. Throughout the years we have had numerous excellent musicians, but as yet the leading instrumentalists have all been somewhat derivative of American stars. This is hardly surprising in view of the fact that the union ban, which has only recently been lifted, made it inevitable that records and an occasional broadcast should provide the only contact with the authentic creators.

Unlike America, very little jazz can be heard in the regular nightclubs in this country. There may indeed be a few jazz stars playing in nightclub bands, but they would have little opportunity of performing as they might wish. Against this, throughout the whole of Britain the jazz clubs play an important role. These clubs, sometimes organized by enthusiasts who are genuinely concerned with jazz appreciation as a whole, and sometimes by promoters preoccupied only with receipts, give musicians the opportunities to play as they like and also afford new groups a useful base at which they can be heard. As a general rule the clubs are open one or two evenings a week, from about 7 to 11:30, and no drinks are served other than minerals and the inevitable tea. Ill-ventilated and uncomfortable as the clubs often are, they are important in building up a steady following for jazz amongst younger people and many now well-known bands have commenced their carrer in one of them. There must be hundreds of these clubs throughout Britain and hardly any town with a reasonable population is without one.

Modern jazz in this country has lost ground steadily in the clubs during the past two years. The traditionalists or, to be more precise, the revivalists (i.e. groups playing in what can be roughly considered the New Orleans idiom) have steadily built up fantastic followings throughout the country and we have reached the situation today when a revivalist group such as that led by Chris Barber can draw larger crowds than Ted Heath, who is generally considered to have England's No. 1 band. This is a fact that causes heart-searchings in many people, but statistics can be produced to prove it to be correct. Quite recently London's Studio 51 club, for many years a modernist stronghold, capitulated and is now featuring New Orleans-style bands seven nights a week. The modernist groups have had a rough time maintaining any existence and the bulk of the good modernist musicians play gigs and odd dates without great financial reward. Recently, drummer Tony Crombie who has been one of the leading modernists for some years, gave up the struggle and now leads a very successful (financially that is) rock-'n-roll band. This lack of a stable audience for British modernists may be in part due to the paucity of really creative jazz that they have produced, but it is a surprising aspect of the scene which tends to be overlooked.

Three big bands dominate the scene. Ted Heath's is well known to American audiences through its tours and records, released on the London label. It is a musicianly band and plays with great precision, but the jazz content of its performance is virtually non-

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existent. Trumpeter Bobby Pratt is probably the best soloist in the band with a good broad, open tone and great power. Vic Lewis has led a large band on and off for years, at first providing a weak carbon copy of Kenton. Of late a Gerry Mulligan influence has been discernible, but the style of the band is so eclectic that it hardly merits much attention. The third of the big bands is the best and this is led by the talented altoist and arranger Johnny Dankworth. For many years Dankworth led a small group, but tiring of the formula he formed his larger group three years ago. Apart from Dankworth himself the band has never been strong in soloists, but with recent changes there is no reason why the band should not at last provide a serious contender to Heath's supremacy. When this band visits the States later in the year American audiences will find it is much more of a jazz-based unit than Heath's.

The three individual modernists who merit most attention are pianist Alan Clare, trumpeter Jimmy Deuchar, and tenor saxophonist Don Rendell. Clare is an interesting pianist who has recently recorded for English Decca, and his main influences have been Ellington, Tatum, and Powell. At this stage he is still finding his way as a personal stylist, but if he should ever get to the States I predict that he will make a far greater impact than either Ronnie Ball or Ralph Sharon. Deuchar is highly thought of by many visiting leaders and took over at a moment's notice with both Stan Kenton and Lionel Hampton when they needed replacements. Rendell is a Lester Young-based soloist and occasionally can play brilliantly in this medium. Very few of his records, some of which have been issued in the States, have really done him justice. Although rhythm sections are always the weakest part of any British recordings, drummer Eddie Taylor and bassist Lennie Bush have done much to raise the standards in this department during the past year or two.

An evaluation of the traditionalist musicians is much more difficult as theirs is mainly an interpretive and not a creative art. The well known Humphrey Lyttelton is a trumpeter and leader with an enormous following, but I personally feel that he has been consistently over-rated. One member of his band who does merit attention is altoist Bruce Turner. At one time Turner studied with Lennie Tristano, but his main influences seem to be Johnny Hodges and Pete Brown. In last year's *Down Beat* Critics' Poll John Hammond voted for Turner as his "New Star." Less well known is the West Indian alto player Bertie King, a Benny Carter-styled musician who once played with that great star. At times uneven, King can play supremely well when factors are right for him. The outstanding revivalist

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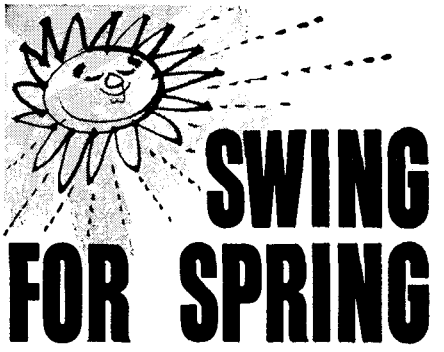
"English Jazz." Johnny Keating and others. Bally, 12001.
"The Cool Britons." Blue Note, 5052.
"London Broil." England's Top Jazzmen. Angel, 6004.
"Strike Up the Band." Ted Heath and His Music. London, 750.
"Ted Heath at the London Palladium." Ted Heath and His Music. London, 802.
"The Music of Fats Waller." Ted Heath and His Music. London, 978.
"Ted Heath's 100th Palladium Concert." Ted Heath and His Music. London, 1000.
"Gershwin for Moderns." Ted Heath and His Music. London, 1279.
"Kern for Moderns." Ted Heath and His Music. London, 1279.
"Ted Heath Swings in High-Fi." Ted Heath and His Music. London, 1475.
"Rodgers for Moderns." Ted Heath and His Music. London, 1500.
"Ted Heath at Carnegie Hall." Ted Heath and His Music. London, 1566.
"Modern Jazz at the Royal Festival Hall." Don Rendell Sextet, etc. London, 1186.
"Autumn Leaves." Ralph Sharon with Rhythm Accomp. London, 1339.
"By Request." George Shearing with Rhythm Accomp. London, 1343.
"Easy Jazz." Ralph Sharon, with J. R. Monterose, Teddy Charles, etc. London, 1488.

**Traditional**

"Some Like It Hot." Humphrey Lyttleton. Angel, 60008.
"British Festival of Jazz." Humphrey Lyttleton and others. Decca, 5422.
"Traditional Jazz at the Royal Festival Hall." Ken Colyer's Jazzmen and others. London, 1184.
"Traditional Jazz at the Royal Festival Hall." The Merseysippi Jazz Band and others. London, 1242.
"Dixie, London Style." Mark White's Jazz Club and George Webb's Dixielander's. London, 1337.
"Parade of the Pieces.' Harry Gold and His Pieces of Eight. London, 1338.
"Back to the Delta." Ken Coyler and His Jazzmen. London, 1340.

**Miscellaneous**

"A Scrapbook of British Jazz." Lew Stone, George Chisholm, and others. London, 1444.

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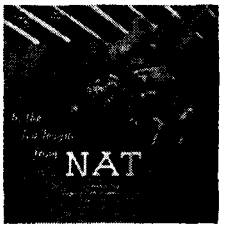

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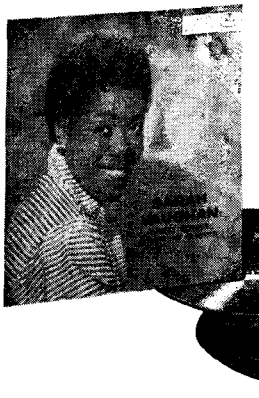

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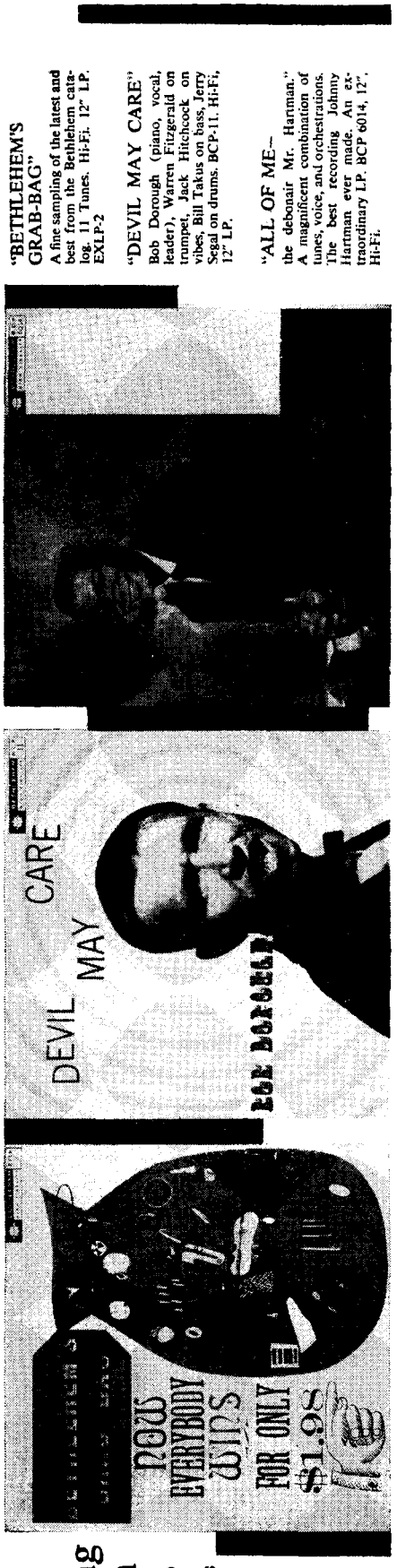
band as such is led by the Scottish clarinet player Sandy Brown. Brown has an altogether surprising ability in playing the blues and his partner, trumpeter Al Fairweather, is an excellent musician in the Armstrong mold.

The recording boom in jazz records has hit this country also. The actual quality of the recordings is often lamentably low, but we are well served with reissues of the classic recordings and we get the major American recordings a few months after their initial appearance. The most consistent sellers in this country are probably Louis Armstrong, Count Basie and the Modern Jazz Quartet. During the past year we have had visits from Stan Kenton, Lionel Hampton, Louis Armstrong, Sidney Bechet, and Eddie Condon. At the time of writing Big Bill Bronzy (who is very popular over here) and Brother John Sellers are touring. Jazz followers locally tend to be romantics to a man where their idols are concerned and few of the visitors (excluding Bronzy) have helped their reputation. Condon in particular managed to get on the wrong side of British audiences and was roundly booed at several concerts. Visiting musicians often forget the exalted position they hold in the eyes of fans here and seem unaware that wise cracking and vaudeville acts are poor substitutes for good music. The following rather acid comment was sent me by one correspondent apropos a concert by a visiting celebrity:

"Mr. ------ created a sensation at Sheffield. He was sober!"

A CONSIDERABLE, generally well informed public for jazz exists over here. Record sales prove this beyond a shadow of a doubt. However, there is a puritan streak in most British jazz lovers which will cause them to ignore future concerts unless the American stars have a greater awareness of what is expected from them. These visits are certainly providing stimulation to our own musicians, with results that are already becoming apparent. Everyone would now like to hear groups led by such musicians as Miles Davis and Ruby Braff (Braff has a keen following in Britain) and all hope that this may soon be possible. An interesting development of late has been the addition of regular jazz columns to such serious and widely respected periodicals as the *New Statesman* and *Sunday Times*. Whether Britain can ever produce jazz stars of international stature is highly debatable, but some of the better musicians might well gain wider acceptance as good second rankers.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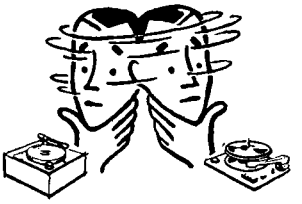

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# RODGERS AND HART, ELLA AND ELLINGTON

Ella Fitzgerald.

AT THE current rate of record production, that old division into "popular" and "classical" music is about as useful as a prewar map of Europe. There are a dozen different areas, from progressive jazz to calypso and back again, in which there can be happy hunting with no thought of the Broadway show with that name. What's better still, each is being energetically serviced without neglect of others. At the moment, those devoted to Rodgers and Hart, Ella Fitzgerald, and Duke Ellington will find their interests especially well served.

More than thirty of the notable collaborations of Richard Rodgers and Larry Hart have been brought together on a pair of LPs (Verve MGV 4001-2, $9.96) with the silky voice of Ella Fitzgerald as the thread on which they are strung. For a lady who made her first fame in terms of a nursery rhyme ("A-Tisket A-Tasket") Fitzgerald has come a long way to deal on even terms with the verbal niceties of "It Never Entered My Mind," "Little Girl Blue," "I Wish I Were in Love Again," and "I Could Write a Book," not to mention "Dancing on the Ceiling," "A Ship Without a Sail," and "To Keep My Love Alive," the last of these a jaunty bit about mayhem from "Connecticut Yankee" of 1927.

What Ella Fitzgerald can now do with a melodic line is a treatise on self-improvement, in which thought and taste (plus a considerable amount of intuition) have given the one time baby band-singer rank with the bygone Mildred Bailey. If there is higher praise in this area, somebody else will have to think of it. Though Ellis Larkins is not identified among the members of Buddy Bregman's band which provides the most appropriate backgrounds, it seems likely that it is he who does the pianistic hemstitching on such tunes as "Spring Is Here."

In addition to those mentioned, the roll-call includes "Bewitched," "Blue Moon," "Blue Room," "Everything I've Got," "Give It Back to the Indians," "Have You Met Miss Jones?", "Here in My Arms," "I Didn't Know What Time It Was," "Isn't It Romantic?" "I've Got Five Dollars," "Johnny One Note," "Lover," "Manhattan," "Mountain Greenery," "My Funny Valentine," "My Heart Stood Still," "My Romance," "Ten Cents a Dance," "The Lady Is a Tramp," "Small Hotel," "This Can't Be Love," "Thou Swell," "Wait Till You See Her," "Where or When," "With a Song in My Heart," and "You Took Advantage of Me." It's all very well to recognize the present status of Rodgers as a past master, but let's remember these were the creations that made his reputation when Gershwin, Kern, Youmans, and Porter were the day-to-day competition.

A related view of a similar matter is offered on Bethlehem BCP 6005 in which Duke Ellington suggests how "My Funny Valentine" might have sounded if he had written it. This is one of a series of performances projecting the solo talents of his current bandsmen (here Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet; Quentin Jackson, trombone; and Ray Nance, trumpet). In Gershwin's "Summertime" it is "Cat" Anderson's trumpet, in Raksin's "Laura" the tenor sax of Paul Gonsalves, in the other Duke's (Vernon) "I Can't Get Started," Nance on violin and vocal, in Herbert's "Indian Summer" the fluid alto sax of Russell Procope, and in Peter de Rose's "Deep Purple," Hamilton again.

Add to these such older Ellington compositions as "Cotton Tail," "Day Dream," "Everything But You," "Frustration," and a "Blues," and you have a rich cross section of the timbres and the humors which have made Ellington's name unique in the lore of music. Another phase of his long career is recalled on RCA Victor LPM 1364, in which sixteen sides from the brilliant 1940-1942 period are brought together on a single LP. "Take the 'A' Train" is the first, "What Am I Here For?" the last, with such memorable matters as "Perdido," "Rumpus in Richmond," "Sepia Panorama," "I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good," "The Flaming Sword," "A Portrait of Bert Williams," and "Cotton Tail," this time in its original version with Ben Webster. Any doubt that it is Duke who made his musicians rather than vice versa is dispelled by the consistent quality of sound, the high standard of accomplishment at both ends of a fifteen-year period, though Harry Carney on baritone sax, Johnny Hodges, and Nance, are the only holdovers.

Ellington's periodic efforts to break out of the confinement of the four-minute piece has now produced "A Drum Is a Woman," in succession to such efforts of the past as "Black, Brown, and Beige," the "Liberia" and "Harlem" suites, together with sundry unrealized stage pieces (a new one is in prospect for Broadway production next fall). "I am not a drum, I am a woman," in Ellington's voice, is the beginning of Carribee Joe's romance with the instrument he finds in a West Indian jungle. On a thin thread of story, involving the woman-drum, now named "Mme. Zajj," are projected mood pieces related to New Orleans, Congo Square, New York, 52nd Street, etc., also a spoken narrative, filling two LP sides.

MOST of the musical ideas have the vivid Ellington quality—the calypsonian "What Else Can You Do With a Drum," the low down "Hey, Buddy Bolden," the swinging "Ballet of the Flying Saucers," etc., but Ellington doesn't solve the organizational problem much better than in "Black, Brown, and Beige." The individual sections have varying degrees of interest without adding to much of a totality . . . and the spoken text on the "drum is a woman" theme is either pretentious or childish. It's understandable, and admirable, for Ellington to think of himself in terms of something other than "miniatures," but, so far, it's the "miniatures" that have the concentration of a real expression.

Johnny Guarnieri pinpoints this fact in a disc titled "The Duke Again!" in which he reverts to such striking Ellington "strains" as "Scattin' at the Kit Kat," "Birmingham Breakdown," "Rockin' in Rhythm," "Mississippi Moan," and "It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing" for pianistic purposes (Coral CRL 57086, $2.98). A rhythm section with drummer Don Lamond, bassists Wendell Marshall and Arnold Fishkind, and guitarists George Barnes and Mundell Lowe provides Guarnieri with a tonal backdrop for his well-fingered impressions. Needless to say, the more "commercial" Ellington of "Sophisticated Lady," "Mood Indigo," "Solitude," "In a Sentimental Mood," and "I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart" is not forgotten. —I. K.

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# MUSIC FROM SCANDINAVIA

By PETER J. WELDING

THE RECENT release of a number of Swedish recordings suggests that we turn our ears to Scandinavia, the land of the aurora borealis, smörgåsbord, and modern jazz. It has been almost five years since the first few albums of Swedish jazz were released in America, and even then it was evident that the Swedes had a firm grasp on the fundamentals of modern jazz. In the five years that have elapsed the Swedes have strengthened this grasp and have produced notable musicians.

It is true that Europe, generally speaking, has been afraid to go out on its own in the matter of jazz, with the result that European jazz has been greatly unoriginal and often imitative, even at its best. The recent releases of jazz from Scandinavia show that this tendency to remain within the accepted American pattern is still practised to a large extent, but they also point out that in the matter of soloing Swedish musicians have developed remarkably. Bally has issued a twelve-inch album (BAL-12002) of original numbers played by a ten-piece Swedish all-star band, and featuring the arrangements of Gösta Theselius, Sweden's top jazz arranger. There is little that is new or startlingly original in the arrangements themselves, but how they swing! All twelve numbers were recorded in April of this year and demonstrate, only too well, that the Swedes have been greatly influenced by the so-called West Coast school of ex-Kenton sidemen. The arrangements and their instrumentation sound much like those of the Lighthouse clique, although the numbers themselves are Swedish originals. Rolf Blomquist doubles capably on tenor and flute; Arne Domnerus, when he switches from alto to clarinet, adopts the breathy style of Jimmy Giuffre, especially in the smooth "Sabbath Blues"; trombonist Ake Persson is evidently a great admirer of Milt Bernhart; and trumpet man Bengt-Arne-Wallin fuses nicely the styles of Dizzy Gillespie and Shorty Rogers. The whole session sounds a little too second-hand, and in this regard is unlike some of the other recent releases.

Some of the better Swedish sides issued recently have been those from Emarcy, better both in the matter of recorded sound, and even more important, in the question of musicianship. Of particular interest is the "Max Bruel Quartet" (MG 36062), one of the finest albums of jazz to come from Scandinavia. Baritonist Bruel hails from Denmark and employs two quartets on these nine sides. Three of the numbers feature a Mulligan-inspired trumpet-baritone combination, with trumpeter Jorgen Ryg playing really fine horn. His style is a seemingly incongruous blending of Louis Armstrong and Chet Baker; it points out how greatly a modern musician may benefit from a familiarity with the mainstream of jazz. The other numbers show a marked dependence on the linearity of Konitz and Tristano as regards written arrangements, but in the question of solos it is a different matter. There is no attempt at imitation here, as Bruel is a completely matured musician; he approaches closer to the true jazz feeling in his solos than does any other Scandinavian musician; Lars Gullin excepted. His numbers always swing. His pianist on these sides, Bent Axen, is a very capable soloist who patterns himself on Tristano, as might be expected and on Bengt Hallberg, the finest modern Swedish pianist.

Emarcy is to be thanked for their extensive recording of Lars Gullin, one of the world's finest jazz musicians. Emarcy has released two twelve-inch LPs of Gullin so far, and plans are under way to release another consisting of two previously-released ten-inch albums. The two thus far issued, "Lars Gullin" (MG 36012) and "Lars Gullin and the Moretone Singers" (MG 36059), demonstrate most convincingly why Gullin must be considered the top man of Swedish modern jazz. His tone on the unwieldy baritone is one of rare beauty, almost tenor-like at times, and in his solos he demonstrates an inventive ability which is almost unbelievable. Gullin is one of the most cerebral of Swedish musicians and yet his music is not "too far out" for the average fan. Most of his numbers show a great deal of intelligence and whimsey, and evidence a firm grasp of the jazz idiom. His work with the Moretone Singers, a sixteen-piece Danish choir, is most impressive. In short, Scandinavia, and Sweden particularly, has come a long way in five short years. Imitation is still too prevalent, but where it has been overcome it has resulted in some notable jazz.

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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1199

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. Advantageous play in bridge in which declarer, trumping a trick, may also discard a loser (3 wds.). | 113 31 165 2 58 197 14 201 67 150 73 / 135 |
| B. Instrument for measuring difference in level of a body of water. | 182 22 152 42 29 107 205 84 98 139 34 / 65 |
| C. Chapel set apart for private devotions. | 89 5 114 136 30 99 121 |
| D. One ingredient of the Three Witches' brew ("Macbeth"; 3 wds.). | 199 141 1 192 174 72 147 92 203 |
| E. Describing the belching volcano. | 78 93 16 100 128 144 196 162 175 66 |
| F. Describing the temperament indisposed to exertion. | 44 35 53 191 184 27 87 101 124 |
| G. Specifying person or thing absent for greatest span of time (2 wds.). | 104 15 171 161 48 105 183 207 164 179 69 |
| H. Improve (oneself, conditions, etc.; 2 wds.). | 32 122 82 4 59 6 111 177 |
| I. Footpads. | 26 109 36 7 186 10 46 79 185 163 |
| J. Unduly demonstrative. | 8 3 115 39 57 159 102 176 |
| K. Pertaining to a class of ancient vases bet. "Geometric" and black-figured ware of 6th cent. B.C. (comp.). | 54 151 198 189 63 12 76 18 103 143 |
| L. Underworld slang for electric chair (2 wds.). | 33 85 38 117 106 193 17 |
| M. How Lord Byron considered the lady walks whose mind is "at peace with all below" (2 wds.). | 200 160 137 55 23 95 28 188 |
| N. To dismiss something by light treatment (3 wds.). | 130 157 118 25 19 195 116 190 154 70 |
| O. Formed by trees. | 125 204 90 45 119 61 138 127 |
| P. Separate at junctures. | 97 206 149 80 52 129 126 156 |
| Q. Napoleon's stepson whom he adopted and made heir apparent to crown of Italy. | 148 24 132 74 49 20 |
| R. Protracted. | 131 169 56 112 50 77 158 |
| S. Any serious mental derangement. | 43 83 140 173 11 37 86 167 91 |
| T. Followed by "bees," any violently hostile place (3 wds.). | 208 60 108 120 71 166 170 40 180 133 21 |
| U. Apathetic, unconcerned. | 178 62 110 123 75 68 81 181 202 |
| V. A fitting; an arrangement or rectification. | 124 172 83 142 155 146 47 94 96 209 |
| W. Magic in general. | 13 41 51 64 153 9 187 145 168 194 |

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.*

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | | | | 1 D | 2 A | 3 J | 4 H | 5 C | | 6 H | 7 I | 8 J | 9 W | | 10 I |
| | 11 S | 12 K | 13 W | 14 A | 15 G | 16 E | 17 L | | 18 K | 19 N | 20 Q | 21 T | | 22 B | 23 M | 24 Q | 25 N |
| 26 I | | 27 F | 28 M | | 29 B | 30 C | 31 A | | 32 H | 33 L | 34 B | 35 F | | 36 I | 37 S | 38 L | |
| 39 J | 40 T | 41 W | 42 B | 43 S | 44 F | 45 O | 46 I | 47 V | 48 G | 49 Q | 50 R | | 51 W | 52 P | 53 F | 54 K | 55 M |
| 56 R | 57 J | 58 A | 59 H | 60 T | 61 O | 62 U | | 63 K | 64 W | | 65 B | 66 E | 67 A | 68 U | 69 G | 70 N | |
| 71 T | 72 D | 73 A | 74 Q | 75 U | | 76 K | 77 R | 78 E | 79 I | | 80 P | 81 U | 82 H | 83 S | | 84 B | 85 L |
| 86 S | 87 F | | 88 V | 89 C | 90 O | 91 S | | 92 D | 93 E | 94 V | | 95 M | 96 V | 97 P | 98 B | 99 C | |
| 100 E | 101 F | 102 J | 103 K | 104 G | | 105 G | 106 L | 107 B | 108 T | 109 I | 110 U | 111 H | | 112 R | 113 A | 114 C | 115 J |
| 116 N | | 117 L | 118 N | 119 O | 120 T | | 121 C | 122 H | 123 U | | 124 F | 125 O | 126 P | | 127 O | 128 E | 129 P |
| 130 N | 131 R | | 132 Q | 133 T | 134 V | 135 A | 136 C | | 137 M | 138 O | 139 B | | 140 S | 141 D | 142 V | | 143 K |
| 144 E | 145 W | 146 V | | 147 D | 148 Q | | 149 P | 150 A | 151 K | 152 B | | 153 W | 154 N | | 155 V | 156 P | 157 N |
| 158 R | 159 J | 160 M | 161 G | | 162 E | 163 I | | 164 G | 165 A | 166 T | 167 S | 168 W | 169 R | | 170 T | 171 G | 172 V |
| | 173 S | 174 D | 175 E | 176 J | 177 H | 178 U | 179 G | 180 T | | 181 U | 182 B | | 183 G | 184 F | 185 I | | 186 I |
| 187 W | 188 M | | 189 K | 190 N | | 191 F | 192 D | 193 L | 194 W | | 195 N | 196 E | | 197 A | 198 K | 199 D | |
| 200 M | 201 A | | 202 U | 203 D | 204 O | 205 B | 206 P | 207 G | 208 T | 209 V | | | | | | | |

**Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.**



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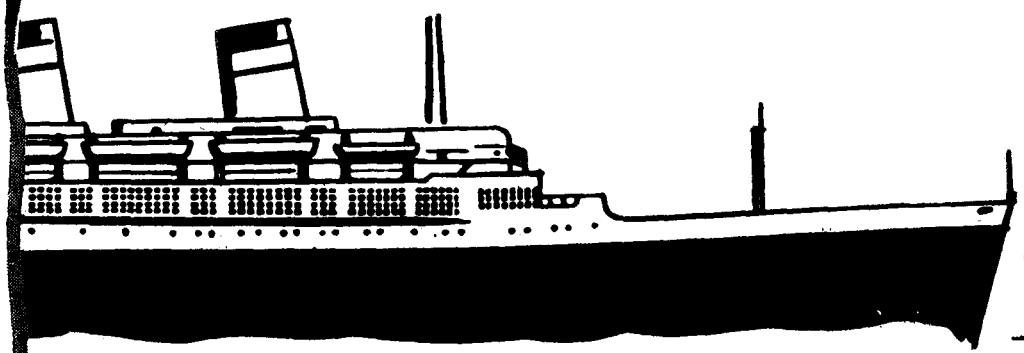

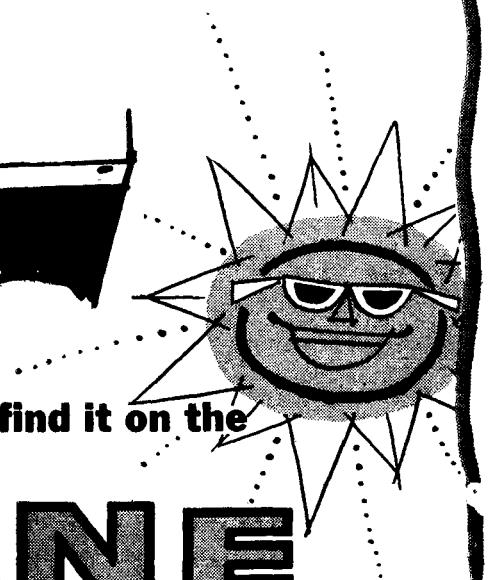

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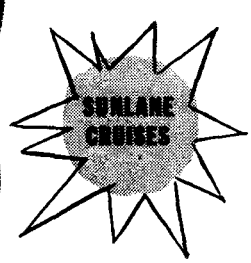


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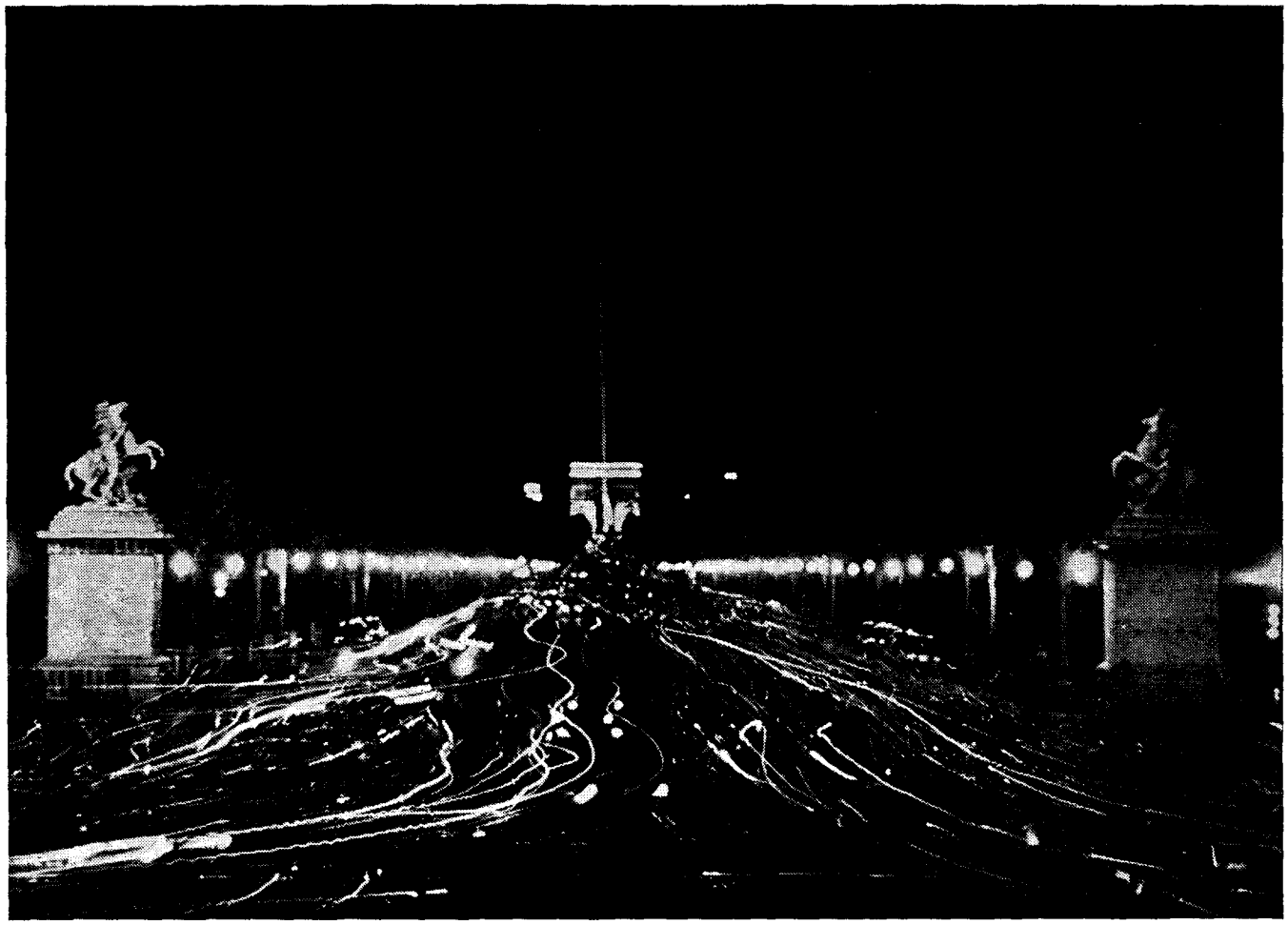

—*French Government Tourist Office.*

The Champs-Elysees, looking toward the Arc de Triomphe, at night.

# SUEZ AND THE TOURIST

## *An SR Analysis on the Eve of the 1957 Season*

THERE was no doubt about it: Europe was apprehensive. You could tell it from the cabled invitations that reached the Travel Editor's desk, from the guarded interviews with the tourist officials, from the too-hearty, business-as-usual countenances you saw in tourist Europe this winter. Getting the American traveler abroad is big business, like getting in the orange crop, and the reapers were intent not to have it spoiled by the early frost. Peering through the smudge-pots of propaganda, *SR* offers an eve-of-the-season analysis of the effect of Suez on reservations, accommodations, prices, and European attitude, largely put together in this editor's absence by Rosellen Callahan, who was until its pre-Christmas demise Travel Editor of *Woman's Home Companion.* In addition, there are first-hand reports from abroad by Robert Sage, Travel Editor of the Paris edition of The *New York Herald Tribune*; Mike Stern, American journalist who lives in Rome; Fred Tupper, American sportswriter and publicist who lives in London; and the Danish newspaperman Knud Meister. Finally, there is a dispatch from the publisher of this magazine who, after a much-delayed first-trip to Europe, finally followed the peripatetic pattern of this paper's *periodistas,* and first saw Paris from a helicopter. Well, if you're going to wait until middle age to take up dice it's pretty chic to throw your sixes the hard way. —H. S.

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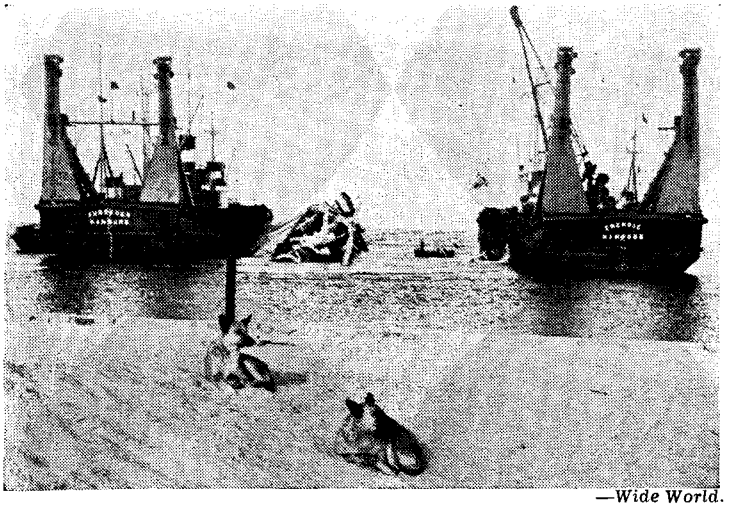
# CONFLICT AND THE CANAL

## *What It Did to Your European Budget*



—*Wide World.*

Two German ships at work clearing the Canal.

By ROSELLEN CALLAHAN

THE Suez and Middle East crises, following on the heels of the Hungarian debacle, created a tidal wave of confusion which nearly swamped the travel industry—third largest in the United States.

With communiques coming in from country after country in Europe announcing gas rationing, newspaper reports of hoarding, and rumors about the possibility of price rises in transportation, hotel, and restaurant prices, tourists reluctantly decided to "let's wait and see." Others—their new clothes bought—trekked off to Mexico, the Caribbean, and South America.

It was a confusing, ulcerating time for travel offices throughout the country. Midnight oil burned for weeks while cruises slated for the Mediterranean and through Suez to the Far East were scuttled entirely or—in a desperate attempt to salvage what they could—rerouted to off-beat cruise areas. Governments worked overtime too, re-assessing the need for gas rationing.

At last all that remains of the tidal wave is a ripple. The mixed-up pieces of the travel jigsaw are almost all in place and the picture is coming back into focus. As a result, pandemonium once again is setting in at travel offices. Tourists' "let's-wait-and-see" caution has given way to sudden "let's-go" decisions. Again the midnight oil is being burned to arrange sailings, flights, hotels, tours.

Though tourists were very tardy this year in responding to the magnetism of Europe—bookings were off almost 20 per cent as late as mid-February—it looks as though hotels in London, Paris, Rome, and other European capitals will be bulging as usual with American tourists come June. While space—steamship, planes, hotels—is still available, it now is going, going, going.

And very nearly the same is true on the other side of the world. Cruise travel to the Far East, for instance, is not only back to normal but about 25 per cent ahead of last year.

In Europe, gas rationing—one of the key pieces in the jigsaw travel puzzle—is all but over. Only three countries—Great Britain, France, and Turkey—maintain regulations, and allowances to tourists are liberal.

But the jigsaw piece of how much your travel dollar will buy this year, as compared to last, is still to be found. It looks as though the answer is "the same" in some cases, "not quite" in others.

Car-hire prices will be just about the same this year, it's reported, but you probably will find car repurchase prices down a little in some areas. It seems that lack of gasoline for local residents has reduced used-car values. As for gasoline prices, generally speaking they'll be up this year. In Britain gasoline rose twenty cents on an imperial gallon, which measures one-fifth more than a U.S. gallon. France has upped its price about twelve cents a gallon; Holland, four cents; Belgium, Denmark, and Germany three cents; and Switzerland about two cents. In Italy gasoline prices have increased 10 per cent. But, Italians point out, gas coupons issued to tourists allow a 30 per cent discount on purchases, which brings you out ahead.

While there will be no blanket increase in hotel prices throughout Europe, you'll find the price of bed and bath a little higher here and there—from fifty cents to $1.50 a day.

In Spain, for instance, a few hotels have announced rate increases of about fifty cents a day; a few in Switzerland upped prices from seventy-five cents to $1.50 a day; a hotel here and there in Germany is tacking on an extra sixty-five cents. While there is no general hotel rate increase in Italy, you'll probably find Rome hotels hiking prices about 5 per cent. Some Paris de-luxe establishments will raise their rates around $1.50 a day. In London, too, you may find your de-luxe hotel room a dollar more expensive.

AS for increases in restaurant menu prices, this is the missing piece from the travel jigsaw. Suez, which gave rise to hoarding and subsequent price increases, is not entirely responsible for whatever increases you run into this year in Europe. An inflationary spiral started long before the Suez upheaval. It has caused a steady upswing in labor, food, and other costs which certainly will be passed on to consumers and tourists alike. As one European travel representative explained: "We are not going to require our people to lose money, but we have prices under control."

This is the picture as it looks today. Barring upheavals, your travel dollar should take you almost as far as it did last year and touring abroad will be just as exciting and pleasurable this 1957 as it has been in summers past.

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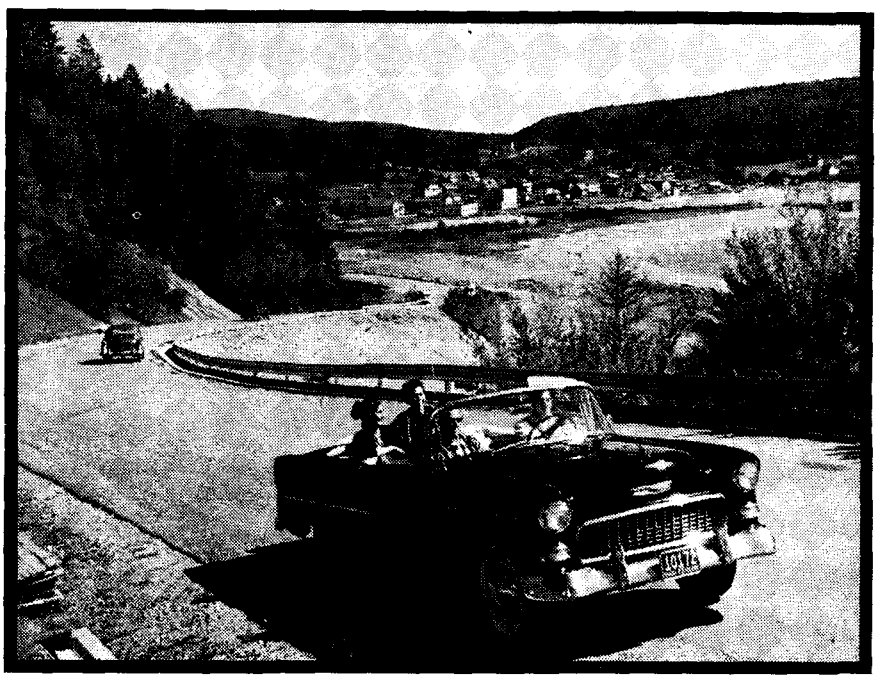
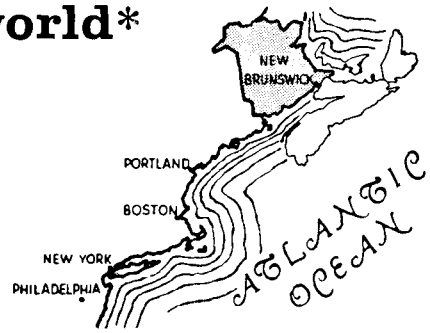


Gateway to Fundy Park, showcase for Canada's "Picture Province" by the sea

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# New Brunswick

*Canada's Picture Province*

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# SHIP AND AIR SPACE AT A GLANCE

—Wide World.

SINCE the Middle East has switched from shooting bullets to shooting counter-proposals, things are almost back to normal in the offices of carriers and travel agents—which is to say, frantic.

Tourists who grew lukewarm and then cold at the end of last year about their plans for a trip to Europe in 1957 are now back up to the boiling point. In mid-February bookings to Europe were about 20 per cent behind those of last February. Suddenly—maybe it was those few warm days at the end of February—prospective tourists stopped dragging their feet and descended on travel offices in droves.

American Express reports their staff is working doubletime to arrange thousands of last-minute tours. They're talking about a third shift and working round the clock to keep up with the bookings. Many tourists are going to be disappointed, as far as Europe is concerned, they say, if they wait much longer. Well, maybe.

Reservation clerks in steamship and airlines offices, who caught up with their reading during the uncertain period of December to mid-February, are now beginning to utter those familiar words: "So sorry we're booked to capacity on that date, but we do have some space left on ——."

Though it is a mite easier to make reservations for Europe this year as compared to last, there is little time to spare for further dilly-dallying. The chart below will give you an idea of the reservation picture of the moment—and it is changing rapidly.

**STEAMSHIP ACCOMMODATIONS EASTBOUND**

| | April | May | June | July |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| First Class | No problem | Still open | Tight | Very tight early in month. Some space still available latter half. |
| Cabin | Still open | Getting tight | Improbable | Booked to capacity first half. A little space left latter part. |
| Tourist | Getting tight | Very tight | Impossible | Almost impossible. |

**AIR ACCOMMODATIONS EASTBOUND**

| | April | May | June | July |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| First Class | Open | Getting tight | Some space early in month. Almost gone mid-June on. | First half of month booked almost solid. Some seats latter half. |
| Tourist | Open | Going fast | A little space, but hurry. | Practically hopeless. |

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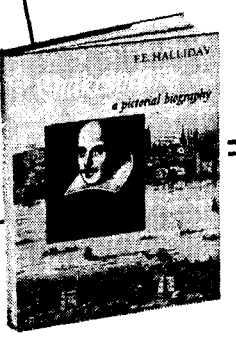


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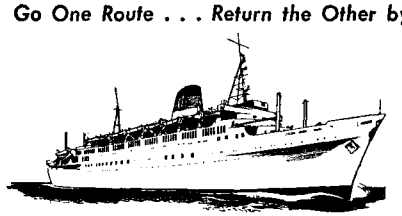

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## *How Europe Feels About Us Now*

*—Air France.*

**PARIS:** Despite earlier American fears that the Suez affair and resultant gas restriction might make conditions unpleasant for Americans traveling in France this summer, all present indications here are that everything will be as usual.

Hesitation of Americans planning European trips is reflected in lower advance bookings, but Paris Amexco finds the prospects as good as 1956. Allotment of 100 gallons of gas to foreign motorized tourists permits ample driving through France with safe margin to cross borders into countries without fuel restrictions.

The changing attitude toward American tourists is mostly a myth made in the United States. Last year 400,821 Yankees composed only about 25 per cent of 1,559,238 foreign tourists in Paris, and Parisians are so accustomed to seeing tourists that they accept them as part of landscape without worrying whether they are Americans, English, Scandinavians, Dutch, or what have you—unless they aggressively assert their nationality. It seems to be an *idée fixe* with American travelers that the European, and particularly the French, population's attitude toward them shifts like a weathervane with every shift in the political situation. In fact, many American tourists still come over here tremblingly, expecting to be insulted, robbed, and snubbed at every turn. To me, this complex seems utter nonsense. Since the war there has been a tremendous amount of interest in and admiration for American things in general. This is not a phenomenon of today, or last week, or a year ago—it is permanent, and is due to a number of reasons. Naturally, it doesn't apply specifically to that important individual "the American tourist." He is such a familiar thing on the landscape that he has come to be taken for granted, like the weather. Some of the "populace" undoubtedly admire and envy him, some dislike him, and the great mass do neither.

The whole Suez business, as far as the United States (not the American tourist) is concerned, caused some anger and some sorrow here, but, as far as its effect on the attitude of the local populace is concerned, it would need a better detective than I am to discover any change at all.

—Bob Sage.

*—United Press.*

**LONDON:** The British latchkey will be way out for American tourists this summer. Save for a muted wail or two by the cantankerous Beaverbrook press—which is against everything except the Empire—there hasn't been a rude word said to an American visitor since Suez.

Notwithstanding, the British are concerned about advance travel bookings. More than 250,000 Americans poured largesse into the coffers of this tight little Isle last year. Just after the November flare-up, the British

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Travel and Holidays Association hurriedly threw a sherry party to reassure the overseas press that there will be as many or more this year. The truth is, reservations are down. And officialdom has come to bat.

The Foreign Office, which normally doesn't bother with this sort of thing, now sends a couple of bowler-hatted chappies to port and airport to glad-hand arriving American journalists. The Minister of Education is flying to the States the end of this month to spread light and cheer at the *Jamestown* (Va.) *Centennial*. And the President of the Board of Trade, Sir David Eccles, already has appeared on a coast-to-coast TV hookup (March 3) to say everything here is just dandy. And please come on over.

They mean it. John Bull and family may not have enough petrol to drive to one of the inns or pubs that dot the seashore from John O'Groats to Lands End for his summer holidays. But, since tourism is Britain's top money-spinner, the American can get all the gas he wants—or anything else. In this year of our Lord there is almighty respect for the Yankee dollar. Of more importance, perhaps, the natives are as friendly as they've always been. —Fred Tupper.

—*Foto-Service.*

**COPENHAGEN:** Will the American Suez policy influence the attitude of the Danes towards the American tourists this year? The answer is: no.

Americans are well liked in Denmark. It is not only because of the value of the dollar. It is far more a product of various mental and practical factors, one of them being that so many Danes speak (some) and understand English and that they never stop feeling a little bit surprised and a great deal enthusiastic about that fact. They love speaking another language than their own—and who can blame them for that, when their native lingo seems more to be a throat disease than a way of making oneself understood? The English language appeals to the young


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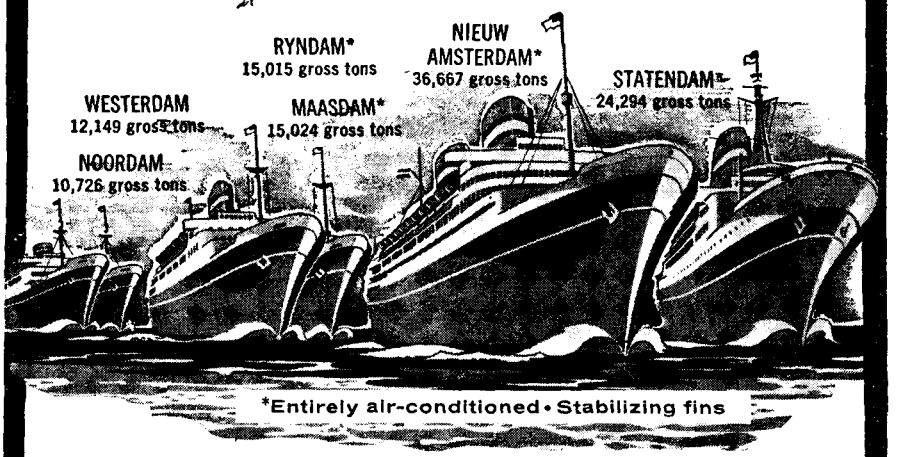


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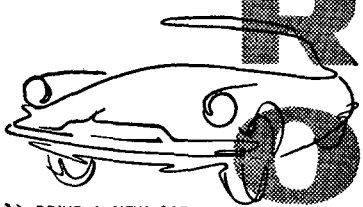

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Danes' dream of an American life as he has experienced it when listening to gramophone records, looking at American magazines and movies.

Another reason for the popularity of Americans seems to be the fact that most Danish families have relatives in the States. There is also a—often hidden—admiration of the American way of life with its personal freedom and sense of responsibility. The Dane living in the highest developed welfare-state in the world may be afraid of giving up all that state's facilities, but at the same time he admires—almost to a degree of envy—the daring young man on the flying trapeze who undertakes to build his own fortune without the help and support of institutions, organizations, and offices.

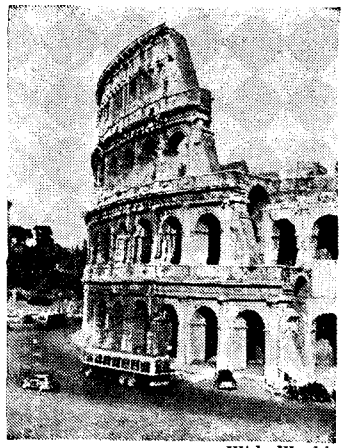
Then again don't let us forget that the Dane is a materialist who is easier to appreciate the American's cars, refrigerators, cigarettes, canned goods, washing machines, television sets, good and smart clothes, and fine shoes than most Europeans are.

The American coming to Denmark this summer may—but only may—have to meet the challenge of a friendly argument about what should or should not have been done in the Middle East. But it is not likely that it will happen to him, and if it happens the conversation will be strictly academic, because the Danes are not seriously concerned about the Middle East. (Remember: during the German occupation they had at times great difficulty in taking the Germans seriously!). The Danes as a whole are not seriously concerned about any matter of world politics simply because they have a feeling of impotence towards those questions. What can they do anyway? The decisions are left with the great powers and the small countries can do nothing.

The Dane wants to protect his little world. He may seem too little concerned about the great issues of the day. But he is utterly concerned about the things over which he has any control. He knows that he lives in a country which has something to offer the guests and tourists and he did not—like, for instance, the Englishman—have to learn from the hard facts of currency-need after the war.

He always liked tourists. He liked people speaking another language—especially one which he can speak himself! And he will welcome the Americans this year, as every year, no matter what Eisenhower said about Israel, and no matter what Dulles thinks about Suez.

—KNUD MEISTER.



—*Wide World.*

**ROME:** Rome's tourist belt, as distinct an area as the Catskill's Borscht Belt, starts on Via Veneto and spirals downtown through Piazza di Spagna, down Via Condotti, and out past Piazza di Venezia and the Colosseum. I zipped through it the other day for a quick sampling of opinion on how the Suez crisis will affect American tourism this summer.

The Italian Lines told me that their summer bookings from the U.S. are now running 8 per cent ahead of last year. LAI (Italian Airlines) also point to an increase in business as an indication that Suez will have no adverse effect on this summer's business.

Armando Armanni, general manager of the Excelsior Hotel, says, "Crises have come and gone in the last ten years, yet each succeeding year has been a better one for us than the one before. There's no reason why this year should be any different. We furnished heat all winter and we'll have hot water all summer." Micol Fontana, leading exponent of local *haute couture*, says, "For us Suez is further away than San Francisco. It's made no difference in our way of life. We have four American students in our workshop who won scholarships for a year's study with us. They are amazed when they read in the American papers that Suez is frightening tourists from our country."

What she says is borne out by ENIT, the government tourist agency which is pushing the slogan, "No restrictions. No rationing. Pleasure as usual."

A cab driver, running me out the Corso Umberto, had the last word. "We haven't had to ration a thing for our own people, so why do it for tourists?" he said. "Of course, a few things like *pasta* have gone up a few lire in price. It was the first any of us knew that our spaghetti was being shipped through the Suez canal."

—MIKE STERN.

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# PACKING FOR FLIGHT

FOR those of you planning a trip abroad by plane, weight (not yours, your luggage) is important. On international first class flights your free luggage allowance is sixty-six pounds, on tourist flights forty-four pounds. Two pieces of luggage—a lightweight and sturdy wardrobe case or canvas hang-up bag and a weekend case—will see you through on even a two-month trip. Women can add a tote-bag which doubles for a handbag.

The trick of traveling with two bags, of course, is in planning a versatile, compact wardrobe around one basic accessory color—black is a safe bet for women—and utilizing every bit of space. Fill shoes with socks, folds in dresses with scarves and handkerchiefs to prevent creasing.

You'll be ready for any occasion and all types of weather on a trip to Europe—cool evenings in the British Isles, warm days on the French Riviera—if you include these in your basic travel wardrobe:

**FOR THE LADIES**

A tweed or flannel suit for travel. Skirt should have a bit of fullness so it won't sit out.

A topcoat which coordinates with suit, dresses.

A skirt with matching sweater and matching nylon or Dacron blouse.

A sleeveless black crush-resistant linen sheath with matching jacket. Without jacket it can be dressed up with jewelry for dinner and dancing.

A short evening dress with cover-up jacket to double for formal and informal evenings.

An all-purpose raincoat. The new ones in faille and brocade shed rain, double as evening coats.

Lingerie: Follow the rule of wear one, take two for slips, girdles, bras in nylon. Take six or more pair of hose, two nylon nighties, a brunch coat and soft slippers.

Shoes: One pair of comfortable walking shoes for travel (an extra pair is worth the weight), afternoon pumps, cocktail-evening slippers.

Then add accessories and the extra cottons or woolens you'll need for north or south.

**FOR THE MEN**

A tweed suit and a raincoat which doubles as a topcoat for travel.

A pair of slacks to wear with the tweed suit jacket.

A dark suit for after six.

A tropical suit if you're going where it's hot.

Shoes: You'll wear one pair for travel, need black shoes for after six and crepe-soled shoes for sightseeing.

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# The Truth About Gas in Europe

OF ALL the effects of the small war in the Middle East, none hit the Western European tourist market as badly as the sudden rationing of gasoline. But even as March opened and the Canal remained as stuffed as a cold-infected nose and the Syrian oil pipe remained broken, the gasoline situation suddenly began to ease. Although the gas curtailments had cast a cheerless gloom over much of Europe in mid-winter, by the very edge of spring the list of the countries still rationing fuel was down to three —England, France, and Turkey. Every other country had been able to abolish all rationing and driving restrictions in advance of the tourist season.

There were chances of course that Britain and France, which depend so heavily on travelers from abroad, still would be able to return to normal driving by mid-summer. In the meantime there would still be restrictions, albeit mild ones, and this is how they will affect the American car traveler this summer:

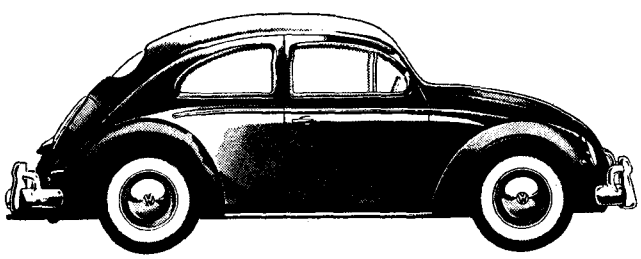
In Britain, overseas visitors who drive their own or hired cars will be given coupons for all the touring they want to do. Tourists who buy cars for later resale in Britain are being given a gasoline allowance of 1,000 miles for the first month, 500 for the second, and 500 for the third month. Those who borrow a car from friends are granted 500 miles for the first month, and 250 for each of the following two months.

The procedure for securing coupons for touring has been simplified too: those who hire cars get gasoline coupons upon filling in a declaration saying they are a visitor and presenting their passport to the car-hire firm. Those who bring in their own car, or buy a car for later resale or export, can obtain coupons from the Automobile Association, Royal Automobile Club offices, or from the Regional Petroleum officers of the Ministry of Power. These regulations and allotments apply also to British subjects on leave after a tour of duty abroad of a year or more.

France, which had been requiring everyone except members of the AAA to pick up ration cars at their local French prefecture (where the *flics* most certainly don't speak English), will change the whole procedure commencing April 13. As of that date those who bring their own cars or who purchase French cars can secure ration cards by showing their customs documents of the vehicle at banks which are authorized to exchange foreign currency. The rub here is that the tourist will have to exchange at the official rate the amount of dollars it will take to purchase the amount of gas covered by the coupons which are being issued. This means that the car traveler cannot take advantage in his gas purchases anyway of the difference between the free rate and official rate, which runs roughly about fifty francs to the dollar. Gas in France is about seventy-five to eighty cents a gallon and this brings it up another 15 per cent.

As for allotments, tourists who remain in France for three days will get 6.6 gallons each day up to ten days. Another allotment of 6.6 gallons a day is granted every ten days as long as the traveler remains in France. Naturally this will work to the advantage of those who will drive small European cars which can get, say, thirty miles to the gallon. But it isn't an overabundance for the big-car driver who wants to cover a lot of territory.

In Turkey, the officials assure us, overseas visitors will be granted all the gasoline they need for touring whether it be in their own or hired car. As for permit cards, car-hire companies will do the work for you. When driving your own, you can apply at the local municipal (mayor's) office for a card.



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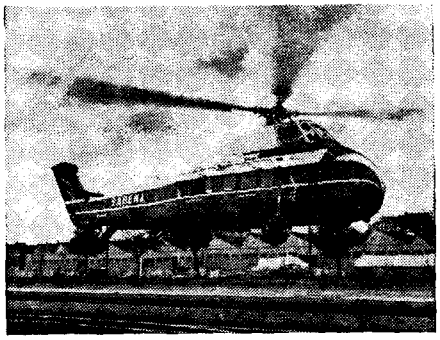


# Up in the Paris Air

PARIS (BY CABLE).

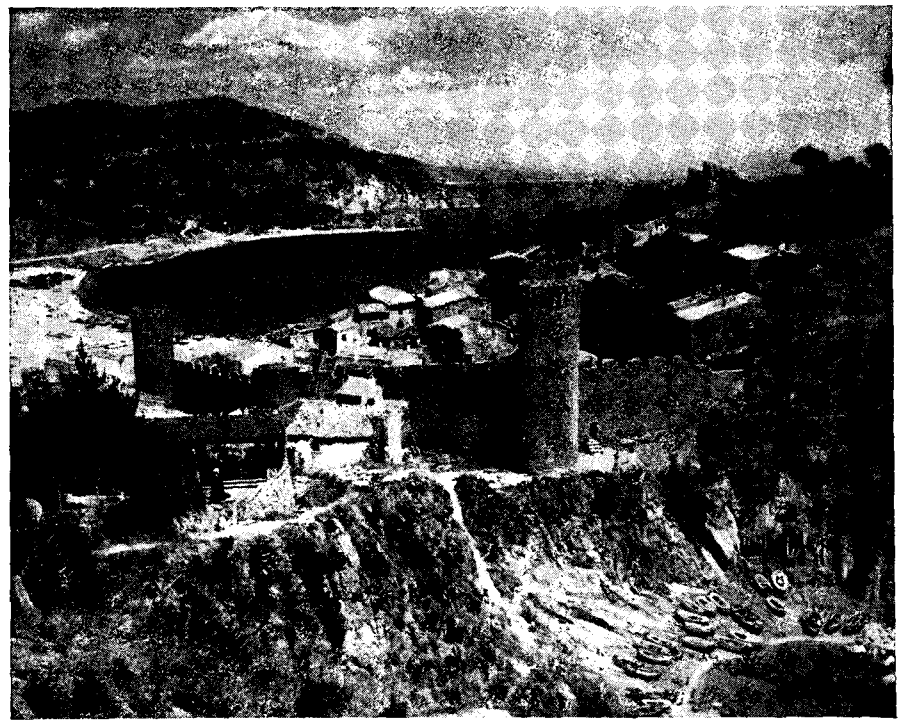
THE UGLY duckling of the skies—the man-made helicopter with an American label—has caught the eye and the fancy of Brussels and Paris.

The calm of a mild sunny Sunday, with that touch of spring bottled in Paris already in the air, was broken at noon by the whirring propellers of eight rotor-driven aircraft as they descended at the new Balard Heliport in the heart of Paris under the shadow of the Eiffel Tower. The conclusion of the flight of the largest number of helicopters ever to fly in formation marked an important milestone in the amazing growth of air travel, making Paris the twelfth city served by Sabena, the world's first scheduled airline carrying passengers by helicopter.

Many government dignitaries were at Balard and there was a sense of excitement that seemed in keeping with the writing of a new page in the history of man's conquest of the air. Cameras were clicking all over the field, television crews were grinding away at every opportunity, and with all the serious goings on there was an amusing coal-to-Newcastle episode: the presentation of a hat for his wife to the mayor of Paris by an American organization of millinery manufacturers, properly photographed, of course.

Rarely has the press of all Europe sent so many emissaries. Nearly a hundred from Belgium, Denmark, Germany, France, Great Britain, Netherlands, Switzerland, Sweden, and the United States nestled in Sabena's eight Sikorsky S-58 helicopters for the historic 180-mile flight that has as much significance for the United States as for Europe. The altitudes varied from 800 to 1,200 feet; speed averaged eighty-five miles per hour.

The takeoff was under perfect flying conditions from Allée Verte Heliport, only a stone's throw from the famed Palace Hotel in Brussels, where all guests and correspondents were quartered. A large crowd was drawn to the

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scene of departure. The low-flying aircraft provided the intimacy of an automobile-like view of the countryside, except that one could see farther into chateaux, cathedrals, and other exciting places. There was a poetic touch in the shadows of the helicopters falling in unusual patterns on the sun-drenched terrain; there was the first thrill of spring in the budding trees that lined the roadways; at times there were great stretches of highway on this Sunday morning with not an automobile visible for miles.

Perhaps the dominant figure in this gathering was Robert L. Cummings, Jr., President and Director of New York Airways, who rode in the cockpit of helicopter No. 7. Mr. Cummings is a dedicated man, and if the United States makes the progress that seems likely in helicopter development a good share of the credit should go to him. Although still uneconomic in the USA and only able to exist by government subsidy, the helicopter has a major role to play in saving New York and other American cities from traffic strangulation. Mr. Cummings and Sabena have worked closely together to exchange all technical and other information to make the helicopter one of the safest, most comfortable, and convenient modes of travel available to man. It is pointed out by travel leaders from all over Europe that within the London-Brussels-Paris helicopter network live almost 80 million people in the most densely populated area in the world. Such a market to draw on makes the helicopter of the future more than a government-subsidized hobby for some starry-eyed air enthusiasts. The opportunity for helicopter development in USA is discussed here with the same optimism. Opening of this service marks a new stage in air-transport relations which have linked French and Belgian capitals for twenty years. Beginning March 4 there will be two "Hover" services a day, and thus central Paris will be only an hour-and-three-quarters from central Brussels. The inaugural flight took a shade under two hours. There will be increased helicopter service at the height of the season with a Sunday flight included as well as the usual fixed-wing services. Needless to say, this development is linked to next year's Brussels Universal and International Exhibition for which great plans are in the making.

—J. R. COMINSKY.

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### TOURIST DEFENDED

W. D. PATTERSON'S "Defense of the Tourist" (*SR* Jan. 12), plus Horace Sutton's barbed examples, challenge the serious attention of the world's travel industry. "The tourist is the all-important person in the travel picture." Let us not forget it! In assembling the complex facilities of transportation, transfers, hotels, meals, sightseeing, and entertainment—which is the prime and exclusive function of a travel agent—we sometimes lose sight of the essential verity that we strive first for our customer's best interests before those of any carrier, hotelier, tour operator, or travel agent. Our customer pays us the principal sum, and we accept the responsibility for the proper allocation and disbursement of his funds. Since he keeps us in business, our object is to have him return to us satisfied and if possible, pleased.

Since we are the natural champions of the tourist, we accept the challenge to defend the traveler and his rights with a few comments of our own. Our hotel friends all over the world are not alert to a critical situation which will soon be upon us. Eighty per cent of our problems in booking our travelers abroad concern insufficient, unacceptable, and inadequate hotel accommodations. The world's air traveler today spends two to three times as much time in his hotel as yesterday's surface tourist. International hoteliers have not yet grasped the fact that tomorrow's jet planes will hopelessly overload today's hotels, and that a lack of vision and initiative now will soon be the greatest deterrent to world travel.

For example, the prewar cruise around the world averaged 120 days, of which ninety were spent on board ship and thirty in hotels. Now an eighty-day around the world air cruise pays hotel bills seventy-six days! Today's American tourist does not require luxury in the grand manner, but he does demand the functional comforts of good beds with private shower, bath, and toilet facilities. And he is willing to pay for them but must have fair treatment from everyone. As an organization, we must strive to ease restrictions and facilitate travel among all countries and to all parts of the world in keeping with President Eisenhower's message to our recent Convention. Increased understanding of other nations and their problems through travel experience can become the most powerful influence for world peace.

R. W. HEMPHILL,
*President, American Society of Travel Agents, Inc.*
New York, N. Y.

### TO PROD THE INDUSTRY

THANK YOU FOR YOUR excellent summation of the travel situation. I subscribe wholeheartedly to the views expressed and have prodded the industry a number of times on such evils as tourist gouging, frontier formalities, and tourist taxes.

ERIC FRIEDHEIM,
*Editor and Publisher,*
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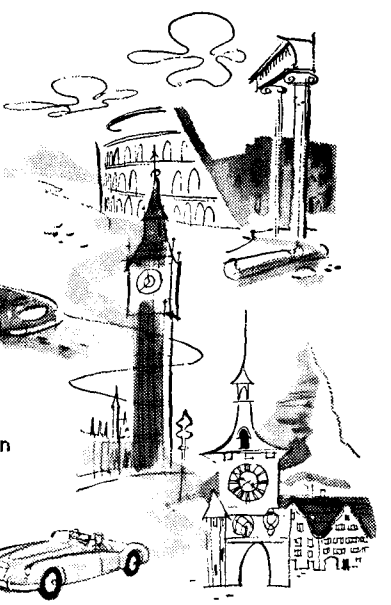

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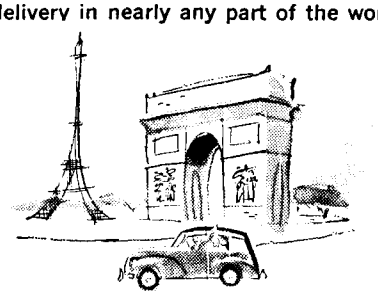

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# Misery and Sex

*"Pagan Spain," by Richard Wright (Harper. 241 pp. $4), offers the impressions of an American Negro novelist. Professor Thomas G. Bergin of Yale's romance language department reviews it here.*

By Thomas G. Bergin

RICHARD WRIGHT is not a hispanist, nor a historian, nor—save in the humblest and perhaps truest sense—a philosopher. He is a novelist, which is to say a creative artist, prepared not so much to study as to perceive, not so much to ponder problems as to grope for intuitive solutions. He has been poor and underprivileged and has compassion for the underdog. Oddly enough this state of mind and spirit makes him in some way kin to the Spanish soul or at least to what more erudite pundits than Richard Wright have seen in the Spanish soul. Armed with these weapons only and lacking the more conventional armament of background normally considered essential, lacking even the elementary requirement of the language, he has given us a book on Spain, sure to infuriate the professional Spaniard, likely to please very few others, I suspect; and yet withal an honest book and highly interesting to read.

His scope in "Pagan Spain" is relatively narrow; he makes no attempt to cover the whole peninsula nor does he give us any very detailed treatment of the less spectacular Spanish folkways. He tells us of a sojourn in Barcelona and another in Madrid, and of briefer excursions to other centers. He is not especially sensitive to the color or character of individual regions nor even to esthetic impressions in general. Inevitably he describes bullfighting, flamenco dancers, and the processions of Holy Week. But his major concern, as befits a novelist, is with the people he meets and what makes them tick. He likes the people but finds, collectively speaking, they tick badly, so badly that they don't keep twentieth-century time.

The immediate cause, Mr. Wright suggests, is the character of the Franco dictatorship, based on reaction, fear, and concern for the welfare of a small group of wealthy men. The ultimate responsibility for a nation getting into this predicament he lays on the shoulders of the Spanish Church, which among other things he reports has created an unhealthy obsession with sex.

Whether the Spanish Church made Spaniards what they are—for better

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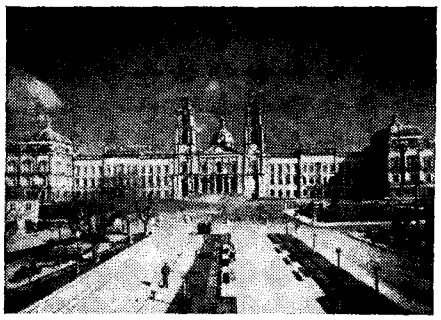

A convent in Portugal.

or for worse—or whether the Spaniards must be held accountable for the kind of Church they support, is a question that does not occur to him. Indeed, one of Wright's limitations is a kind of naïveté; for all his good will and serious intention, his reporting is largely superficial. On the other hand, the impact of Spain on a rather simple man, essentially, for all the tensions his color may have created in him, a Mississippi Protestant, is not without interest. There is something to be said for simple truth even where things are not so simple as they seem. And the testimony of his witnesses—a varied lot, including a barber, a businessman, several intellectuals, prostitutes, an American architect, and even an affable white slaver—seems to him consistent.

THE simple truths he finds—and feels should not be overlooked even though the Cold War has made democracy an ally of Fascism—are that there is an incalculable amount of sheer misery in Spain, much of it unnecessary, that there is a rigid suppression of free thought, and—sex again, if you will—that the life of a woman in Spain is all but intolerable by twentieth-century standards. How much all this supports the thesis (which gives the book its title) that Spain is essentially pagan I am not sure, particularly since Wright doesn't really define what he means by pagan. Perhaps it doesn't matter much.

His chapters are interlarded with

The Isle of Skye.

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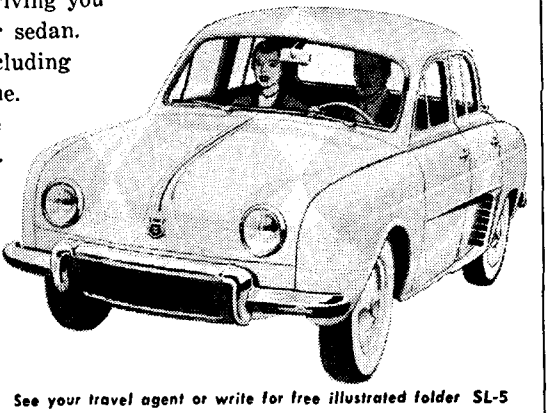

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excerpts from a Falange primer that he procures from an embittered girl in Barcelona. I could have done with less of it, but it is certainly a wonderful example of the kind of mystic rhetorical nonsense on which totalitarianism, Right or Left, seems to depend. For the rest, his bullfight is a stirring one, his adventures on the train make a lively little vignette, his observations on Montserrat and Holy Week in Seville certainly provocative; if there seems to be too much sex-talk in his pages I can only say that I'm inclined to agree with the author that Spaniards won't think so.

**SAN FRANCISCO:** Herb Caen's **"Guide to San Francisco"** (Doubleday, $2.95) is a refreshing presentation of wit, color, and well-organized information by an enthusiastic, admittedly biased reporter. Covering San Francisco—"you don't call it 'Frisco,' ever; it's beneath the city's dignity"—as thoroughly as the fog and with the love of a moon-struck swain, he happily guides us through "Little China," North Beach, Union Square, and Fisherman's Wharf. He tells how to be a tourist with a San Franciscan appearance; suggests sightseeing routes by private car, cable car, and foot; suggests itineraries for visitors in a hurry, with the off-the-beaten-track additions for those not in such a hurry; lists—with accompanying notes and anecdotes—hotels, theatres, and museums; gives leads on shopping, dining, and sipping. It's a fun book about a fun-loving city, illustrated with award-winning sketches of landmarks by Earl Thollander.

—JOYCE JENKINS.

**JAPAN:** Myriad phases of Japanese life flicker briefly then bow out in **"Japan"** (McGraw-Hill, $6.50), latest addition to the World in Color Series edited by Doré Ogrizek. With the chapters split up among seven writers who delve into everything from Shintoism to healing with the ashes of black snakes to the modern Japanese theatre, one can't avoid the feeling that it's too hop-skip-and-jumpish without enough depth in any one spot. As

West New Guinea.

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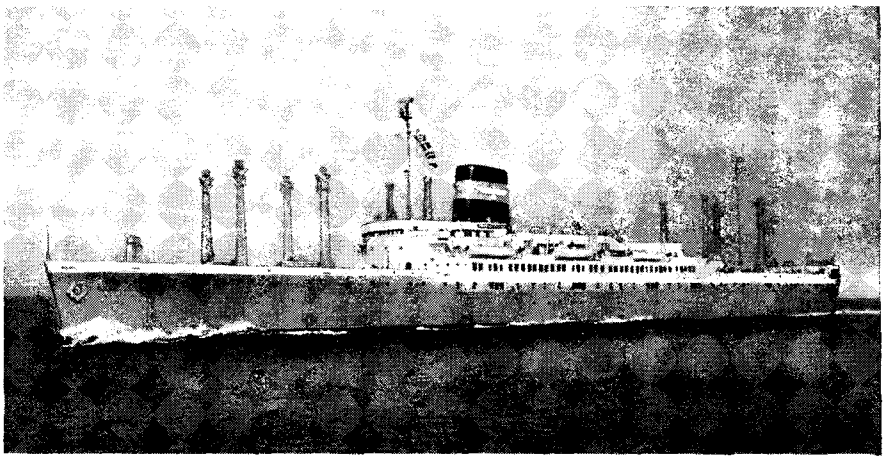
The royal palace at Bangkok.

Paul Mousset points out in his section on Tokyo, "In a few paragraphs one can sketch only the salient features. . . ." The space limitations are such that there is hardly room for the writers to relax their pens or their readers, but no doubt every salient feature of the Japanese way of life from ancient times to modern is touched upon. (There are even five pages devoted to the complicated language, spoken and written.) It's an all-inclusive digest which the authors have desperately tried to make readable, sometimes with success, sometimes not, depending upon their subject matter. The chapter on history probably suffers the most from its forced brevity, with the one on religions running a close second. Sketches and photographs add color and delicate beauty. —J. J.

**ITALY:** Bernard Wall's **"Italian Art, Life and Landscape"** (Sloane, $5) turns out to be more of a history book than anything else. It is a study for the serious traveler, be he armchair or actual, covering the Italian scene re-

### LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Cardinal Wolsey in "King Henry VIII" (Shakespeare). 2. The Sparrow in the nursery jingle "Who Killed Cock Robin?" 3. Fran in "Dodsworth" (Sinclair Lewis). 4. George Washington, in the fifth and subsequent editions of Mason Locke Weems's biography. 5. Lady Macbeth in "Macbeth" (Shakespeare). 6. Lennie in "Of Mice and Men" (John Steinbeck). 7. The Ancient Mariner in "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" (Coleridge). 8. King David in II Samuel. 9. Edward Rochester in "Jane Eyre" (C. Brontë). 10. Anne Frank in her "Diary of a Young Girl."

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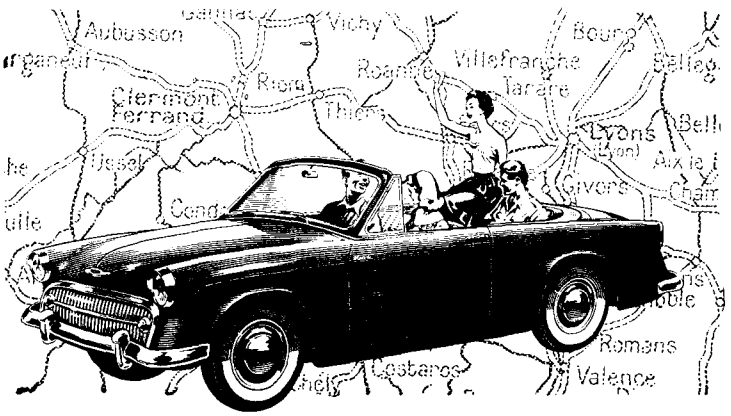


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gion by region and city by city, from before the Pompeian disaster in A.D. 79 to now. Art and architecture are smoothly interwoven, and Mr. Wall seems as happy describing some Byzantine structure as recreating a scene from the past. He never dallies for long in the present though. Whenever he finds himself unavoidably involved with tourist miscellany he smoothly manages, without much ado, an escape to some bygone century. His historical tour includes Genoa, Venice, Florence, Rome (he had a field day here), Naples and Sicily, and various villages here and there. It's all very organized, very thorough, and very unalive. —J. J.

**ENGLAND:** Photographer A. F. Kersting's impressive picture-gallery, **"The Heritage of England in Colour"** (Studio, $3.95), contains a magnificent selection of his own photographs depicting English architecture through the ages. There are houses, cathedrals, castles, towers, even an ancient wall—all in color, naturally. The introduction and historical notes on the illustrations were written by John Bledlow, and these, unhappily, are as stiff and cold as a castle wall. —J. J.

**PARIS:** Chiang Yee as **"The Silent Traveller in Paris"** (Norton, $5.95) gives this old and greatly loved city a newness and freshness in writing which is as delicate as a Chinese brush stroke. The experiences he tells about were not unique, but his observations were keen and his reactions enchantingly Eastern. For instance, he was bewildered by Apache dancing in the Place de la Bastille, and he was so impressed by M. Dior's exquisite creations that he wondered who would be suitable to wear them. Interwoven with his impressions of street sights and sounds, people, and customs, are Chinese tales, philosophy, and poetry. His accompanying drawings and paintings are equally sensitive, equally beguiling. —J. J.

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SEEKING A CONTEMPORARY HOUSE—in striking atmosphere conducive to writing, painting? Live at Greenbelt Knoll, 19 homes surrounded by woods, including two acre private park, yet within Philadelphia city limits, Holme Avenue 1 mile East of Pennypack Circle. $19,950 up. Write 5 Longford St., Philadelphia 36, Pa., or phone Stuart Wallace, ELmwood 7-4356.

THREE BEDROOM ranch home right on the beautiful coast of Maine with 160 degree view of water and islands. Box B-28.

### For Summer Rental

SORRENTO, MAINE. Attractive, well-furnished cottage for rent, five bedrooms, two baths, electric stove, water heater, refrigerator. Rent June 15-September 15. $850. Excellent view of Bay. All summer sports. Apply Mrs. Rowe, 97 Thayer St., Providence, Rhode Island.

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NEW HAMPSHIRE: Artist's charming 5 room cottage, modern improvements, near water. $425 long season. Box B-39.

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## CAMPS

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IF YOU ARE NOT an average tourist and do not intend to cover Europe at breakneck speed but wish to learn or perfect your knowledge of German, become acquainted with German culture and civilization and explore Europe's most interesting city by living with a Berlin family, write to Classrooms Abroad, 525 George St., New Haven, Conn.

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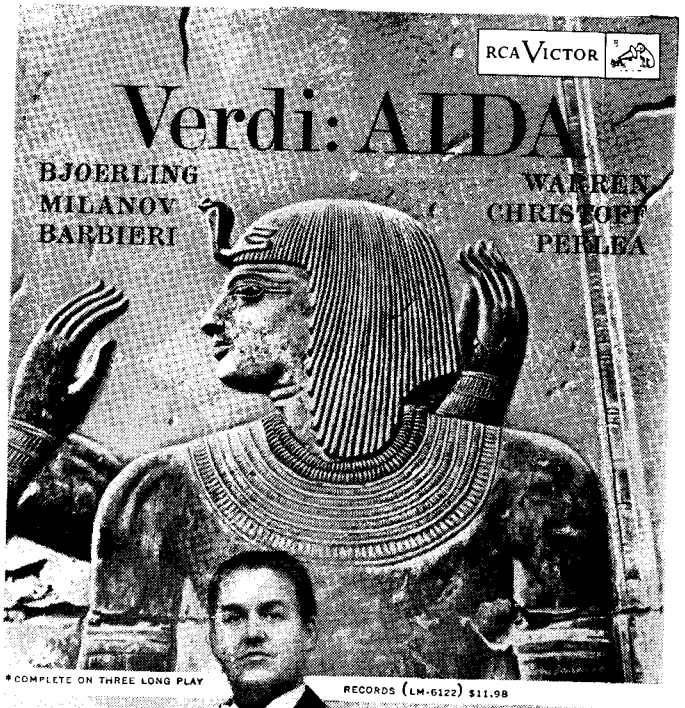


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